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"THERE'S MANY A SLIP."

BY J. F. WALLER.

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,
As at times we all shall find,
And this is a truth that old age and youth
Ever should bear in mind.

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,
Many a snare and surprise;
With vigilant glance watch every chance,
Be patient, be cautious and wise.

Not always the race to the swiftest of pace,
The battle to him that is strong;
But the slow and the sure oft the winning secure—
That's the moral I teach in my song.

A GOLDEN PRIZE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

FOUR days before the festivities at Lydcote, Clifford was in the quarry; it was nearing four o'clock, and the men were hard at work on the important order that had to be executed within a given time. Clifford had been working, too, as hard as any of them, and had knocked off for a few minutes to get a cup of coffee, for he had spent his dinner hour in going over some accounts.

Jim made the coffee, and Clifford carried the cup to the door and seated himself on the sill, drinking his coffee with that intense enjoyment of which only a man is capable who has worked himself tired and thirsty.

"Capital coffee, this, Jim," he said.

The lad grinned.

"Is it, sir? It's some as Miss Nellie brought down from the cottage. She said as what we had been having wasn't fit to drink. She went all the way to Thirle for this, I believe."

Clifford looked round at him.

"All the way to Thirle for coffee for us, Jim," he said. "That was very kind; but we can't allow Miss Nellie to take so much trouble on our behalf. You must tell her that she must not do it again, Jim. You and I could walk to Thirle easily enough, but Miss Nellie's a girl——"

"I think as she'd walk to Lunnon for you, Mr. Clifford," said the boy shrewdly.

Clifford made no response, but the boy's remark struck him.

Scarcely a day passed without Nellie's coming to the quarry, and somehow it always happened that they got a few minutes' talk together.

Clifford was not a vain man, and had no suspicion of what was taking place in the girl's heart, and no idea that these few moments by his side were the most precious ones in her existence, and that she carried the memory of them away with her to light up the rest of her day.

Frenchy Vyse had watched Nellie's face when Clifford came in sight, and had noted with a furious rage and jealousy, the maiden blush that rose to it when Clifford spoke to her; but he himself had remarked none of this. He was no lady-killer, and was of too noble a nature to be always on the lookout for feminine conquests.

To him, Nellie was just a pretty girl, the daughter of the rough, honest man who had given him employment. He liked to see her and talk to her, to lend her books and hear her simple comments upon them, and that was all!

And this evening, though Jim's words struck him with a certain significance, he put them away from him.

Setting down his cup, he pulled out his pipe, and was filling it, when the foreman came by and paused to take off his hat and wipe his forehead.

"Getting through the job all right, sir, I think," he said.

"Yes, I think so," said Clifford. "Will you have some coffee? Here, Jim, bring another cup of coffee."

The man took it and drank it slowly, his eyes fixed on the men absently.

"We shall get clear by the fourteenth, after all, sir," he said. "The men are all agog about this 'ere dinner and jolly-making."

"What dinner—?oh, the one at Sandford?" said Clifford. "Oh, yes, I'd forgotten."

"I thought you were goin', Mr. Clifford?" said the foreman.

"I? Yes, I did say something about it, but I'm not sure. Let me see, what's the name of the place?"

"Lydcote! just outside Sandford. A rare grand place they've made of it, too, so I hear."

At this moment Nellie came down the path. She stopped short at sight of Clifford, and a warm blush suffused her face, as he rose from the doorstep and raised his hat.

"Good-evening, Miss Nellie," he said.

The foreman touched his hat and was going, but Clifford stopped him.

"One moment; I want you to look at these accounts," he said.

"I—I have come from father," said Nellie, addressing Clifford, but with downcast eyes. "He is going to drive into Thirle this evening, and he thought—he sent me to ask you—if you wanted anything?"

"Thank you very much; no, Miss Nellie," he said; "there is nothing I want. I suppose you are going to buy some finery for these grand doings on the fourteenth?"

"I don't know that I'm going," she said.

"Why, everybody's going, Miss Nellie," said the foreman. "They tell me that his lordship has asked all the county, rich and poor alike; and there's the fireworks, you know——"

"His lordship; who is he?" asked Clifford carelessly.

"The gentleman as has built up Lydcote; the earl, you know, Mr. Raven — Lord Carr-Lyon."

Clifford was leaning against the door, looking out at the sea, and paying very little attention; but at the sound of the name, he sprang upright and stared at the man.

"Lord—Who?" he exclaimed so quickly and with such amazement that the man started, and Nelly shrank back a step.

"Lord Carr-Lyon, sir," said the foreman, eyeing him with surprise. "Didn't you know—what's the matter, Mr. Raven?" for Clifford's face had grown suddenly red, and then grave and thoughtful.

"Nothing, nothing," he said. "I have heard the name before, that's all. Are you sure it's Lord Carr-Lyon?"

"That's it, isn't it, Miss Nellie?"

"Yes," she said in a low voice, her eyes fixed on Clifford's face, every expression of which was to her as something sacred.

"Strange!" murmured Clifford. "What sort of man—but there can be but one; have you seen him?"

The foreman shook his head.

"No, I can't say I have. I've heard of him; he's a terrible swell—quite one of the grand ones, and rolling in money. They do say as he spent thousands and thousands on this place."

Nellie remained silent, still watching Clifford's face from under her long lashes. Clifford seemed so lost in thought as to have forgotten their presence, and after a moment she turned and left him, and the foreman, touching his hat, went back to the quarry.

Clifford could scarcely believe his ears.

This Lord Carr Lyon—for there could be only one—was his uncle, the earl, whom he had not seen for years! And it was he who had re-built this Lydcote, and it was he who was giving these festivities. And he, the nephew, was working at a stone quarry.

He fell to pacing to and fro on the little slip of level ground in front of the cottage, thinking of the grotesqueness of the situation, and recalling the past.

So his uncle was going to give a grand ball at Lydcote, within a few miles of where he stood.

"It's a long time since I went to a ball," he murmured. "Have I forgotten how to dance, I wonder? What should I feel like in a dress suit?"

He laughed, but the mental question gave him an idea.

"How long is it since I saw mine uncle the earl?" he mused. "I wonder whether I should be welcome if I put in an appearance. I am his nephew, a Carr-Lyon, and I have never done anything disgraceful—unless a wandering vagabond life is a disgrace—and I suppose it is. Suppose I were to present myself at this ball, and go up to him and say, 'Uncle, how do you do?' Go in my working clothes? It would create a sensation, I expect!"

He laughed again; then another idea struck him. It was born of the impulse of the moment and he acted upon it.

With a spring he gained the narrow path up which Nellie had gone. She heard his footsteps, and stopped, waiting for him with downcast eyes.

"Miss Nellie," he said, "I have changed my mind. I will go with your father to Thirle, if he will take me."

"Very well," she said; "at seven o'clock," and she went on.

At seven o'clock he climbed to the cottage and found Mr. Wood waiting for him in the dogcart, and they drove to Thirle.

"I can give you an hour, Mr. Raven," said the old man. "Longer if you like."

"An hour will be plenty," said Clifford, who had been silent all the way.

The old man looked after him thoughtfully.

"Now I wonder what he is going to do?" he muttered.

He would have been very much surprised if he had followed Clifford and discovered, for Clifford made his way to the best tailor's in the place.

"I want a dress suit," he said, "if you can make it in three days."

The man looked at him, and seeing that he had a gentleman to deal with, though the gentleman was dressed in a rough pilot jacket and cords, expressed no surprise.

"Oh, yes, sir," he said promptly. "It's a short notice, but if you must have them then——"

"I must have them by then or not at all," said Clifford, and he was measured.

"What name, sir?" asked the man.

"None," said Clifford. "Here is the money. I will call for them on the evening of the thirteenth."

The suit was ready when he called, and on the evening of the fourteenth he put it on.

All was silent in the quarry, and had been all day, for the men, to a man, had gone up to the dinner; but still he felt as if he were doing some dark deed as he stood before the glass and looked at himself clad in the evening attire of a gentleman, and so changed in appearance that he burst into a laugh.

"If Wood or the men could see me now," he said, "they would think I had gone mad: I'm half inclined to think the same myself, by George!"

Then he put on his overcoat, and looking round to see if by any chance anybody was about to see him, he left the quarry, and gained the cliff path as the clock struck ten.

It was a mad adventure, and once or twice he was half inclined to turn back, but one thought kept him going in the direction of Lydcote. Who could tell, perhaps she—Kate Meddon—might be there? He might not be able to speak to her: would not do so if he could, perhaps, but he might see her, at any rate.

He reached Lydcote, and walked up the avenue. Carriages were still coming; a crowd of footmen and grooms were clustered round the entrance, and as he made his way through them he wondered what whim had seized the old earl, that he should build this great place, while he had Caresford and so many others.

A footman took his coat and hat in the hall, and another led the way to the stairs, murmuring respectfully:

"What name, sir?"

Clifford stopped short. A certain dislike to hearing his name shouted out to fall upon his grand relations like a bombshell struck him and he muttered something unintelligible.

The man, too respectful to ask twice, invented a name as nearly like Clifford's muttered answer as he could get it, and Clifford entered the room.

Lady Warner stood at the door, and extended her hand with the usual hostess smile, then she looked puzzled, for the face was strange to her, but the patrician face and figure allayed any suspicions she might have had that she was welcoming an uninvited guest, and she thought that he might be some visitor or relative of one of the guests for whom an invitation had been procured.

He passed on, and stood for a moment or two looking round about him in search of his uncle's face; but he did not see either him or Kate Meddon: it was just at the time she had gone into the conservatory. Then, with a feeling of disappointment, not at the absence of his uncle, the earl, he muttered:

"She is not here! I have committed this piece of folly for nothing!" and with a sigh he made his way to one of the side doors, and found himself on the terrace.

The music floated out on the quiet night, and it, and the sound of the voices laughing and talking in the ball-room behind him, affected him strangely.

"It is so long since I was in the society of ladies and gentlemen," he murmured, "that I feel like a pariah and outcast. I was a fool to come—to be reminded of the past that has gone for ever, and to be made dissatisfied with the present. I'll go back and do my accounts, and leave my uncle, the earl, undisturbed," and, with a laugh, he went down a short flight of steps on to the gravel path bordering the lawn.

Then he turned, and looked along the noble *facade* with a feeling of surprise.

"It is a grand place, indeed," he thought. "But why on earth wasn't my uncle satisfied with Caresford and the rest of them?"

As he asked himself this question, with a shrug of his shoulders, he caught sight of a figure coming along the terrace above him.

Something prompted him to stop and watch her in a listless fashion, and he saw her stop and lean on the balustrade, her face upturned.

"She does not look over happy, whoever she is," he murmured. "What has happened, I wonder? Some other girl dancing with the man she loves, I suppose; or he has not come to-night, and even the dancing will not console her."

He drew a little nearer, then, with a start, stopped short, the blood rushing to his face, and his heart leaping, for he saw, it was Kate.

Kate alone here on the terrace and with-

in a few yards of him! Of what was she thinking?—and why did she look so pale and sad? He was pale himself at that moment, if he had but known it!

Then, feeling as if he were being drawn towards her by an influence he could not resist, he went and stood beneath her, so near that by stretching out a hand, he could have touched the white arm resting on the cold stone.

His heart beat fast with the dread that she would go and the burning desire to speak to her; and, at last, scarcely knowing what he did, he breathed her name:

"Kate!"

CHAPTER XVI.

KATE started. Was she dreaming, or had she really heard her name spoken in the voice of Clifford Raven?

For a moment she stood breathing quickly, and scarcely daring to look down; then a delicious thrill ran through her and the color rose like a crimson flood, and covered her face and neck, for a warm hand had touched her own, which hung over the balustrade.

She looked down, and her lips moved twice before her words were audible—just audible.

"Who is it?"

Clifford stepped on to a stone seat just beneath her.

"It is I, Miss Meddon," he said, and his voice was very low and slightly tremulous.

Even then she could scarcely believe the evidence of her own senses.

"You?"

"Yes"—he paused—"Clifford Raven!"

She drew a long breath and looked at him, and at the moment someone in the ball-room drew aside the curtains of the window behind her, and the light streamed on his face, strangely grave and eager, with its dark eyes fixed upon her.

"I have startled you!" he said penitently. "It is a foolish trick, but you startled me!"

"No, no! It is nothing! For the moment I did not know! I thought you were very far away——" she faltered brokenly, and with a little pant.

"So I thought I should have been," he said, "but an accident kept me here in England. Nothing is so sure as the unexpected!"

"How did I startle you?" she asked, scarcely knowing what she said, so overwhelming was the tide of joy which had arised and surcharged her heart.

"I did not expect to see you," he answered, still in the low voice in which he had first spoken. "I looked into the ball-room and failed to see you, and I thought that you were not present to-night. I was going back——"

"Going back?" she murmured, with a thrill of satisfaction and a warm blush.

"Yes," he continued simply; "and I walked along the path here, and then quite suddenly, I saw you like a vision in your black dress—and—forgive me—I had spoken your name before I knew it!"

She leant on the stone coping looking at him, her face pale again, but her breath still coming irregularly.

Clean from her mind went all the ill she had heard of him; all she could realise was that he was here, not in a dream as she had seen him—ah, how often!—but in reality. She longed to lay her hand upon his sleeve, to touch him, that assurance might be made doubly sure.

"I—I did not know you were coming," she said vaguely. I did not see your name——"

He smiled.

"I am an uninvited guest," he said; "but I hope not an unwelcome one——"

"No," she murmured. "You know Lord Carr-Lyon?" unconsciously her voice hardened slightly.

He nodded.

"Yes. But I did not know that he was in the neighborhood until the other day," he added quickly. "It is a surprise to me that he should have built this place and come to live here. But you are not dancing?" he said, getting away from the subject to one nearer his heart—namely, herself.

"The rooms were hot, and I am tired," she said slowly. "But you are not dancing either?"

"My dancing days were so long ago," he answered, with a smile, "that I am afraid I should make but a poor hand at it. Will you venture to give me a trial?" he added pleadingly.

She colored, then shook her head.

"I cannot; my card is quite full."

"And I am keeping you," he said, with so evident a disappointment and wistful anxiety lest she should go, that her heart throbbed.

"No, it is cool and pleasant here. And you did not go to sea?"

"No," he said.

Should he tell her that he had turned quarryman, and was earning his bread only a few miles from her?

Something, perhaps pride, kept his lips sealed, unfortunately.

They were silent for a minute; the dreamy music of a waltz wafted out to them; the still night seemed to become part and parcel of them; the subtle spell of love had fallen on both.

It was Kate who spoke first, and though the words were commonplace enough, there was a delicate music thrilling through through them.

"Will you not be cold without your overcoat?"

He started slightly, and looked up at her

"Cold," he said, with a short laugh. "No, I'm not likely to take cold; I'm used to the night air. I've stood for hours in my shirt sleeves playing sentinel at one of the camp tents over there," and he waved his hand to indicate America. "But you—is it safe for you to stay.

"See, I have my shawl," she said, and she drew it around her more closely.

As she did so her white arm revealed itself, gleaming like marble in the stream of light, flashed before his impassioned eyes, then disappeared.

He moved a little closer, and his face grew pale under its tan.

"Miss Meddon——" he stopped.

She turned her eyes upon him with a slight contraction of the pupils.

He drew a long breath.

"I am going now."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Shall I tell you why?"

"You are going into the ball-room—to dance?"

"No," he said, and his voice sounded almost harsh in its intensity; "I am not going to the ball-room, I am going home. I have seen what I came for—I have seen you."

She made a faint movement with her hand and her eyelids drooped: the gesture might have been an indication of fear, or a request that he should cease, but he went on:

"I have seen you, and now I am going before—I lead you to think that I am mad——"

He stopped and leant his arm on the stone rail beside her, his hand clenched and almost touching her arm.

"Why should I think you mad?" she said, in a low voice, from no impulse of coquetry, Heaven knows, but because she must say something that the sound of her own voice might give her courage.

"Because a man placed as I am—penniless, friendless, with no prospect of a future before him—must be mad to tell a beautiful girl like yourself what I should have to tell you if I stayed——"

She pressed her hand against her heart, and her eyes fixed themselves on the darkness behind him.

She forgot she was the promised wife of Lord Carr-Lyon; forgot all the ills she had heard of the man who was speaking to her; forgot everything in the delight and joy with which his presence and his voice filled her.

Her silence seemed to rob him of the self-control of which he spoke, and with a sudden movement he put his hand upon her arm and held it in a hot and passionate, yet reverencing clasp.

"No! I cannot go! I must speak! Miss Meddon—Kate, do you know what it is that I must say, what it is my heart has been saying since the first moment I saw you to-night—ah! since that moment when you stopped and spoke to me in the lane, I——"

"No—no!" she murmured with a sudden gesture.

"Yes, I must speak now," he said. "Your answer may be what it will, but I must tell you that—I love you!"

She swayed to and fro slightly, like a slender tree bent by the wind, then grasped the edge of the balustrade, and turned a startled face to him.

"I love you, I love you!" he breathed. "My angel!—my queen! Listen, ah! listen to me—do not go! A moment, only a moment, and then—you shall send me from you into the dark and dreary life I lived before I saw you! Kate, this is the first time in my life that I have ever spoken a word of love to any woman; all my life I seem to have been looking and waiting for the one woman to whom I can say, 'My heart is yours—take it.' I say now to you; I love you! Will you take my love—all my heart, my life——" He stopped, and struggled with his voice. "It is a poor little thing to offer you. I have no money or position—nothing but myself; but if you will give some hope, if you will tell me that in time—oh Kate, Kate! if you will but let me go on loving you, and will love me, ever so little, in return——"

She could not speak. The stars seemed falling about her, the music drumming in her ears like the wash of the waves on the shore.

"I have offended—frightened you," he said, struggling for a calm, and forcing his voice to a gentler tone. "It seems sudden to you, who have never given a thought to me since we parted on the cliffs, but think! You have not been out my mind, my heart, for an hour of the day; you have always been present to me. Kate, do not be angry—let my love plead for me, and my heart——"

She put out her hand as if to silence him, the pain at her heart fighting with the joy born of his words, the knowledge of his love for her, and yet—too late! too late!

"Stop!" she panted. "No!" for he had seized her hand, pressed a passionate kiss upon it, and still held it. "If I had known—if—but it is too late, too late!"

"Too late!" he said, his face growing paler.

"Yes!" she panted. "I—I am engaged—" she stopped, unable to go on.

He let her hand fall gently and slowly, his head sank on to his breast.

She put her hand to her heart, and stood looking at him with wild grief and pity for him—for herself.

The sound of laughter floated through the open window, the chatter of voices, and the pitpat of feet.

He turned his head and looked at her, trying to force a smile, thinking of her and not of his own pain and anguish.

"Will you forgive me?" he said in a hoarse voice.

"Forgive—I" she breathed. "It is I—" and she covered her face with her trembling hands.

"No," he said bravely. "You did not know—how should you?" he smiled with the bitterness of self-inflicted misery. "How should you know that the man whom you had seen but twice or thrice, and spoken a few kind words to, should have dared to love you? No, there is nothing for you to forget, much less to forgive, for I have worried and harassed you, and given you pain!"

"No, no!" she murmured, stretching out her hand pleadingly, with her face turned to him piteously. "It is I to be for—" and she stopped.

He took her hand, and held it, half dazed in his grief.

"I was mad—I was a fool," he said bitterly. I deserve that you should go without a word more to me than you have spoken—but you are still the kind angel my heart has pictured you. I am going now, Kate—Miss Meddon. Don't—don't think of this madness of mine, don't let it worry you. I shall get over it—" and he forced a smile—"and I wish you—" he paused, his voice seemed to have forsaken him—"I wish you every happiness Heaven can send you. For Heaven's sake, don't cry!" he added, in an agony.

But she was not crying, it would have been better for her if she had been, she let her fan fall from her eyes and looked at him, a look more eloquent than words; the look a woman wears whose heart is pulling one way, and Fate and duty the other.

He touched her hand with his lips, the kiss of a man who is taking farewell of his beloved dead, then laid her hand gently and tenderly down on the cold stone. Another moment he would have gone, but at that moment several persons came out from the room, and a man's voice said:

"Kate! Kate! are you there?"

She started, and drawing her shawl round her, seemed to shrink back from the voice. Clifford dropped from the seat, but stood looking through the space between the pillars of the stone railing. It was not her father's voice, it must be that other man to whom she was engaged.

A fierce bitterness, the fire of jealousy, flamed up in his heart. A desire to see the man who had gained the great prize, for which he would have given his life, kept him rooted to the spot.

"Are you there, Kate?" said the voice again—not a pleasant voice, and strangely enough one that Clifford seemed to know!

She looked towards the darkness into which Clifford had disappeared, then without answering, she moved towards the man.

"Oh, you are here!" he said, holding out his arm. "I've been looking for you everywhere. You'll catch your death of cold with only that thin shawl on."

She put her hand—the tips of her fingers—on his arm and he was leading her away when a stream of people met them at the doorway and kept them standing for a moment.

In that moment the light from the room fell upon his face, and Clifford, with a start, sprang forward to the rail and looked at him with a stare of amazement.

He had not seen the face for years, but it was—it must be—the face of his cousin Arthur! Yes, there could be no doubt of it!

He grasped the edge of the seat upon which he knelt, and stared with set lips, as cold as the stone itself.

A woman's voice broke out clear and above the rest of the buzz and hum of talk and laughter.

"Oh, Kate, do persuade Lord Carr-Lyon to join this cotillion. I've tried my poor best, but he is absolutely deaf to the voice of my charming. Now, don't be obstinate, Lord Carr-Lyon. I daresay Kate is engaged already, but I'll make peace with her partner, and she shall dance with you. Come you won't resist that!"

Clifford looked round for his uncle, to whom the woman must, of course, be speaking; but he could see no sign of the old earl, and she was looking at Arthur—what did it mean? Where was the earl? Could it be possible that she was really addressing his cousin Arthur, and why did she call him Lord Carr-Lyon?

"I'll dance anything with Kate," he said, looking down at her with a smile that sent the blood bubbling to poor Clifford's head.

"Of course you will!" said the lady. "Now, Kate, run your pencil through your partner's name, and put Lord Carr-Lyon's in its place!"

They moved away into the room, and Clifford, staring after them for a moment, sank into a seat near him with a shaky laugh.

Had he gone clean out of his mind? Was it all a dream, and should he wake in the cottage presently? This man—this cousin of his—Lord Carr-Lyon!

"How the deuce can he be?" he exclaimed aloud as if he were arguing with some one. "Even supposing my uncle were dead, there are two lives between Arthur and the title. Two! No, three for I stand before him!"

He sprang up, then sank down again, and clasped his head with his hands.

This Arthur Caresford he remembered well, though he had seen very little of him in the old time, and he remembered now that the little he had seen of him he had not liked.

Arthur Caresford, even as a boy, had been something of a coward and a sneak.

Clifford had some dim recollection of a quarrel between him and his cousin, a quarrel resulting in a fight, in which Arthur got considerably the worst of it.

And they were calling this man Lord Carr-Lyon! And he was going to marry Kate!

He got up and paced to and fro in the friendly shelter of the shubbery fighting hard for composure and capacity to reason the matter out.

Ten, fifteen minutes passed; then, in as matter-of-fact a fashion as he could, he slowly walked towards the terrace, and mounting the steps, made his way to one of the ante-rooms.

There might have been some mistake; they might have been addressing his uncle the earl, whom he, Clifford, was prevented from seeing, or he may have mistaken the title.

At any cost he must discover the truth; not that it mattered.

What in heaven above, or the earth beneath could matter now that his angel was lost to him forever?

Crushing down the misery and bitterness that stormed in his bosom the best he could, he went to the door leading to the ball room, and, leaning just behind the curtains, looked on.

There were several persons in the ante-room, laughing and talking in the gay, bantering fashion which dance, music and a plentiful supper produce, and they glanced up rather curiously at the tall young fellow with the square shoulders and pale, handsome face.

"Know him?" whispered one lady to her companion, who shook her head.

She was about to turn to a gentleman to pass the question on, when Clifford crossed to them.

"Pardon me," he said in his deep musical voice. "Do you see Lord Carr-Lyon—the earl I mean—in the room?"

"Lord Carr-Lyon?" said the lady, rising and standing on tip-toe that she might look over the heads of the group on the edge of the dancers. "Yes, that is he—that tall gentleman."

"I am near-sighted," murmured Clifford resolved that he would settle the question

beyond a shadow of a doubt.

"Most people are," said the lady, with a laugh. "It is one of the results of this latter-day civilization of ours; we lose our sight and our appetite, and we gain—the Darwinian theory. But that isn't telling you which is Lord Carr-Lyon, is it?" and she laughed brightly. "That is he, standing beside that palm over there; he is talking to Miss Meddon, the lady he is engaged to. You know her, of course?"

"Yes, thank you," said Clifford, and, with a bow and a smile, he glanced at his watch as if hesitating what to do; then, with a quick, firm step, went out on to the terrace.

So his uncle was dead, and Arthur was the earl! But if so, what was he, Clifford?

CHAPTER XVII.

HE MADE his way to the cloak-room, and asked a servant for his coat, let him help him on with it, and passed through the hall and out into the night like a man walking in his sleep.

As he did so, something shot up into the air and burst into a shower of many colored balls; it was a rocket. The fireworks had commenced. He stopped and stared absently, then went on.

In another moment he found himself on the edge of a great crowd of men and women. The light from the colored lamps fell upon their upturned faces. They were the "common" people pressing round the fireworks.

Clifford was walking round the crowd, when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and Mr. Wood's voice rang in his ears.

"What, Mr. Raven! Be ye only just come? Well, it be a fine night, bean't it?"

"Yes, yes," said Clifford; then he saw a pretty face beside the old man suddenly lit up by a rocket. It was Nellie's.

He nodded to her and forced a smile, and she nodded back and blushed. He had buttoned his coat over his white shirt front, and turned up the collar, but her quick eyes noticed the difference in the suit from that he usually wore.

"Well, I'm glad you've come in time," said the old man. "Here was Nellie a-fretting her heart out lest you should come too late. I thought you'd come to the dinner—but you didn't."

"No," said Clifford, with an effort, "Was it a good dinner?"

"First-rate! His lordship is a liberal-minded gentleman, anyway," said Mr. Wood. "Lor' there was enough to eat, and more than enough to drink," and he jerked his thumb towards the crowd.

Clifford looked round: it was a restless, noisy crowd, and many of the faces were flushed with drink.

"'Tain't a very good place to see from," said Mr. Wood. "If you'll look after Nellie for a minute or so, I'll see whether it's any better on the other side."

"Certainly," said Clifford.

The old man unhooked Nellie's arm and held it out towards Clifford with simple naturalness, and Clifford took it and drew it within his own, unconscious of the little thrill that ran through the girl at his touch and the slight movement she made to withhold her arm.

He was longing, madly, to get away, to be somewhere by himself and think of all that had happened to him, but just as he had fed the famished woman and children when he was hungry himself, so now he put aside his grief and trouble and perplexity, and bent down and spoke gently and as lightly as he could to the girl.

"Are you fond of fireworks, Nellie? Have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Yes," she murmured falsely, for she had spent every minute of her time since she had arrived in the forenoon until now looking for him, and was very nearly on the point of tears when he arrived. "Yes, they are beautiful, aren't they? But there, you have seen so many better, I daresay?"

"No, no; they are very good, Nellie," he said. "I wish there was not so great a crowd, or that it was a little more orderly. I am afraid we sha'n't be able to stop here——"

Even as he spoke there was a rush from behind them, and he had to put his arm round the girl to keep her on her feet.

"Let us go further back," he said, and he almost carried her out of the melee.

"That's better, isn't it? You are not hurt, are you?" he asked, seeing that her face had turned pale and that she was trembling.

"N—o, I am not hurt," she replied, in a low voice.

It was the presence of his arm encircling her waist that had made her heart throb and sent the color from her cheeks.

"I am afraid you are," he said earnestly. "Lean upon my arm more heavily. Shall I try and get you some water——?"

"No, no," she breathed, her hand closing on his arm with terror at the thought of his leaving her.

"I didn't mean to leave you," he said reassuringly; "I thought we could go together. But we had better not, perhaps, or Mr. Wood will not be able to find us. I expect he will have some trouble now."

Someone slipped up between them, and spoke her name, and Clifford, thinking it was her father, turned round quickly.

It was not Mr. Wood, but Frenchy Vyse.

"Nellie," he said again; "Miss Nellie!"

Nellie shrank away with such a palpable start that Clifford answered for her.

"What is it, Vyse?" he said pleasantly.

Vyse scowled at him.

"I spoke to Miss Nellie," he growled thickly.

Clifford looked round at him, and saw that he had been drinking; his face was flushed, and his black eyes glittering.

"I know you did," he said. "What do you want?"

Vyse glared at him sideways, then looked hard, half-entreatingly, half-threateningly, at Nellie.

"Ain't you coming with me, Miss Nellie, to see the set-piece; you said you would, you know?"

Nellie shrank still closer to Clifford, so close that he could feel her cheek upon his arm.

"Miss Nellie can't come now, Vyse," he said quietly; "she is waiting for Mr. Wood."

"Ain't she got a tongue? Can't she speak for herself?" demanded Vyse insolently. "Who asked you to speak for her? Who are you as should take upon yourself to answer for her?"

Clifford could have no feeling of anger against the man, but that he might get rid of him he said:

"Miss Nellie cannot come! Go and see the set-piece, Vyse, or you will be too late!"

Vyse glared at him malevolently, and, for a moment, seemed too savage to command his voice.

"I ask you again—I don't take any notice of that stuck-up fool—will you come as you promised, Nellie?" he said, in a fierce, husky whisper, and bending towards her.

Nellie put her other hand on Clifford's arm and turned to him, so that she was almost on his breast.

"Tell him no," said Clifford, in an undertone. "I am afraid he has been drinking, Nellie, and could not take proper care of you."

"And if he hadn't been, I would not go," she said, in a frightened whisper. "No, Vyse, I will not go."

"Because he tells you!" he said, bitterly, "Who's he that he should step in between you and me? You and me was friends before he came interlopin' and interferin'! Don't listen to him, Nellie: for all his smooth tongue he don't care about you; why, he's just come from philandering his betters! If he says he ain't he lies, for I see him myself."

Clifford stood perfectly still, regarding the flushed face and threatening eyes calmly.

"Come, Vyse," he said, "leave my affairs alone, and take your answer. Even if Miss Nellie consented to go with you, I shouldn't consign her to your charge. Go away, there's a good fellow."

"Go away and leave you make a fool of her? Is it likely? What do you take me for? I'm not afraid of you. We're not in the quarry now, we're even to-night. Go back to the lady on the terrace——"

Clifford, fretted and galled by the persistent sting of the drunken tongue, and his reference to Kate, swung around, but Nellie caught his arm.

"No, no!" she murmured brokenly. "He is not worth it! No, Mr. Raven!" Then she turned upon Vyse, her blue eyes flashing. "What Mr. Raven says is true! I do not want to go with you, and I will not. I did not promise, and it is false to say I did! Go back to the drink again."

Vyse stood for a moment as if overwhelmed by the girl's scorn, then, with an oath, he shook his fist at Clifford, and then walked away.

Nellie hung her head and woman-like, burst into tears.

"Come, come! Don't cry, Nellie," he said, soothing her. "He's gone for good now, and no wonder!" and he smiled. "You were like a pythoness! But he deserved it! Yet you mustn't be too hard on Vyse; he has been drinking, and is scarcely conscious of what he is doing——"

"You plead for him!" she said, looking up at him in half indignant wonder.

"Well, yes!" he said, thinking of his own state of mind. "When the wine's in the wit's out, and poor Vyse——" he paused, and looked down at her with a smile a brother might have worn. "Well, I think your own bright eyes and pretty face have something to do with Vyse's condition, Nellie."

She drew her arm from his, and raising her face looked at him with deep reproach in her eyes, in which the tears still glistened.

"You—you have no right to say that; it—it is unkind, cruel!" she panted. "Oh, it is cruel!"

"Nellie, Nellie!" he said, drawing her arm within his again. "I did not mean to wound you—Heaven forbid!—but there, we won't say any more about this foolish Vyse; why, I declare if we are not spoiling your evening between us, and we can't see the fireworks from here. Suppose we go a little nearer the lawn? Your father is just as likely to find us there as here; I don't think he will be anxious."

"No, he knows I am with you," she said innocently.

Clifford was touched, even in the midst of his own misery, by her simple trustfulness, and talking as he went, he led her towards the lawn, and all unconsciously they approached the path leading in front of the terrace.

It was dark now, and Clifford did not see that the terrace was lined with people who had come out from the ballroom to see the fireworks.

In the centre of the group stood Kate, her face pale, her eyes were fixed on the ground.

Lord Carr-Lyon was close beside her, his face as flushed as Vyse's, his voice whispering thickly in her ear, as she stood with her hands clasped tightly, and her lips set hard, lest the words, "Too late, too late!" should break from between them

"This is better," said Clifford. "Look, Nellie, that is a fine rocket! Why," he said, smiling, you cannot see for the tears. Where is your handkerchief?"

"I—I don't know!" she said with a little choked sob; "somebody must have stolen it!"

"Take this," he said, and he gave her his.

At that moment she took the handkerchief, and turned her pretty tear-stained face up to his with shy gratitude, a great blaze of fireworks went up, and lit up every one of the faces in the crowd, and Kate, looking down saw the man who had poured out in passionate pleadings for her love, and the girl leaning on his arm, taking his handkerchief and wiping her eyes with it!

For a second she stood as if she could not believe her eyes, and then a shudder ran through her and she grasped Lord Carr-Lyon's arm.

"What's—what's the matter, Kate?" he exclaimed. "W-what—cold—faint—what——?"

She turned from him and looked around helplessly, then laid her hand on Lady Warner's shoulder.

"Take—take me away!" she said in a hoarse whisper. "I—I am ill!"

"What is it, Kate? What is it—are you faint?" she said anxiously. "Why, child, you are as white as a ghost. Do you feel tired? You have overdone it to-night, I expect."

"Yes," said Kate, looking straight before her into the vacancy, and still seeing his face, and the up-turned love-lit eyes of the girl on his arm. "Yes, that is it, I am over-tired. Will you find papa, and let me go home?" and she dropped her fan from her hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OF INTEREST TO MOTHERS.—A correspondent objects to the notion that a "cat sucks away the child's breath." He says: The "cat's sucking away a child's breath" is merely the expression, erroneous in its form, of a physiological fact. All the cat family possess poisonous breaths, intended by nature to act as an anæsthetic upon their prey.

If any adult will inhale but once the breath, even of a cat, he will at once recognize this fact. Watch a cat playing with a mouse. The mouse does not suffer, but is stupified as if by ether.

Livingstone, the great African explorer, states in his "Life" that, when he was seized by a lion, and his arm broken, the crunching of the broken arm gave him no pain, so benumbed were all his senses by the animal's breath.

Now, cats like rest, warmth, and companionship and a soft couch. A cat seeks the child, its soft bed and the warmth of its body, and lies down upon the chest of an infant. Its weight impedes respiration, and its breath anæsthetizes the child, and that the death of small infants had actually occurred from this cause medical records have conclusively proved.

Bric-a-Brac.

PLEDGING HEALTHS.—King Edward the Martyr, of England, was stabbed while drinking a cup traitorously proffered him by his step-mother Elfrida. From that time, whenever a man drank, his neighbor pledged him; that is, undertook not to stab him nor allow him to be stabbed. It was long the custom at Queen's College, Oxford, when a Fellow drank, for the scholar who waited on him to place his two thumbs on the table. This is an ancient German custom. So long as the drinker saw two thumbs on the table he was quite sure the hands they belonged to could not be lifted against him.

BACHELORS.—Although hardened bachelors are treated with more respect than they deserve in these degenerate days, they were not in favor with the earlier races of men. In the time of Moses, with only rare exception, marriages were obligatory among the Jews. Lycurgus treated bachelors with infamy. They were excluded from civil and military positions, and even from spectacles and public games. On certain solemn occasions they were exposed to the jeers of the populace and paraded naked around the public places. The lashing of bachelors was an annual ceremony, publicly performed in the Temple of Juno by the women of Sparta. In other republics of Greece there was established penal laws against celibacy.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LILY.—The lily, or "fleur-de-lys," is regarded as typical of the Virgin Mary, and became so, as the legend tells us, in this manner: A noble, but untutored knight, having entered a monastery, was so incapable of learning that he could only say "Ave Maria," "Hail Mary," and this he fervently repeated wherever he was. On his death a fair fleur-de-lys grew out of his grave with the words "Ave Maria" in golden letters on every bloom; and the monks then understood this miracle to be the result of his devotions to the Virgin in life, and proclaiming the miracle far and wide, the fleur-de-lys, or lily, has always been the symbol or emblem connected with all representations of the Blessed Virgin Mary in religious art, and it is to this day one of the most common ornaments in decorative art.

SALT.—Salt in its rock form is one of the hardest of minerals. It can be cut and carved into the most beautiful shapes. Indeed, in some parts of India there is a considerable industry in making ornamental articles from it—jars, platters, cups, and even knives have been made of it. In Poland it is carved into crucifixes, beads, inkstands, and many other articles, even billiard balls. In one Polish mine there is a statue of King John Sigismund in salt. For a considerable period this statue was at Warsaw, and showed no injury from the changes of climate. We read that in 1698 a chapel to St. Anthony was excavated in the mines, and all the furniture—the pulpit, the pews, the altars, doors, statues and ornamental work—was formed of the beautiful crystal rock salt. The mangers, stalls and troughs for the horses which work in the mines were also formed of it, so that in this case the animals could not possibly suffer from a neglect from which other domestic animals often suffer elsewhere.

EATING THEMSELVES.—Both savage and semi-barbarous people have always shown a great repugnance to any surgical operation, however necessary, which involves amputation. The Chinese have always shown this repugnance, not on account of fear or pain, for they are patient under all kinds of physical suffering, but because they look upon it as a duty to keep the body intact. If they submit to the amputation of a limb, they invariably ask for the severed member, and keep it in a box, to be buried, in due time, with the owner. Sometimes they will actually eat it, thinking it only right that that which has been taken from the body should be returned to it. On the same principle an extracted tooth will be carefully preserved, or ground to powder and swallowed in water. Another curious phase of the same idea is seen in the belief that a sick parent can be cured by broth made from flesh cut from a living child, and it is looked upon as a sign of filial piety for the child to submit himself to an operation for that purpose. The child is supposed to be of the vital essence of the parent, and if a portion of the essence is returned to the fountain-head, the parent will be greatly strengthened. The peace-loving nature of the Chinese is said to be due to this respect for the human body.

BY reading a man does as it were, antedate his life, and makes himself contemporary with past ages.

FORGET ME NOT.

BY C. S. C.

Forget me not when, far away,
You wander at the close of day
'Mid roses, not more fair
Than those whose beauty was not less,
Because they saw your loveliness,
And blushed to see a sight so rare.

Forget me not, when other eyes
Are careless if the sun arise—
So only they may rest on you;
When others hold the songs of birds
Less sweet than those soft-whispered words
That I so loved to listen to.

And oh, if sorrow yours should be—
For even our dearest are not free
From pain we'd gladly bear instead—
If you should find a friend untrue,
One heart will still be true to you,
Till all its lovelorn days are sped.

Under False Colors.

BY MARY E. PENN.

CHAPTER III.

THE other made an impatient movement.

"Well, I say no more. Have your own way—and take the consequences," he retorted, and with a surly nod, he turned on his heel.

The Viscount shrugged his shoulders, and ran lightly up the steps to where Valerie and her chaperon were sitting.

"I beg pardon for being so late, but I've been occupied. Lester has brought me bad news," he continued, as he drew a chair to Valerie's side. "At least, it is bad to me, for it compels me to return to England to-morrow."

"What do you say, milord?" the widow exclaimed, bending forward to look at him. "You are going to-morrow? But what has happened? Is Lord Delamere worse?"

"Oh, no, it has nothing to do with—with my father; it is a matter of business which would not interest you."

"But when it is settled you will return, I hope?"

"Oh, of course; though I don't know when—it depends," he answered. "Will you take a turn with me in the grounds?" he presently said in a lower tone to Valerie.

She hesitated; struck with a sudden shyness and reluctance to be alone with him.

"I fear there is not time," she objected; "the concert is almost over, and I must be going home."

"There is plenty of time. It may be our last walk together," he whispered kindly. "Come."

"Go, Valerie—don't be childish," said Madame Lebrun, graciously, believing in her own mind that the young lord was going to propose.

Thus adjured, the girl rose, and they descended the steps into the garden.

Had she been less preoccupied, she would have noticed a familiar figure which emerged from one of the side paths as they passed—Jean Lemartel.

He stood for a moment as if stunned, gazing after them with a dark look of suppressed passion on his face, which altered it strangely. Then, taking a sudden resolution, he turned, and slowly followed them.

Meantime, Valerie's companion had led her to the terrace by the sea, which was comparatively deserted, and as they paced slowly along, he was speaking in an earnest undertone, without his usual drawl.

"You must know that I love you, Valerie—that I have loved you from the first moment I saw you!" began Lord Harcourt, "I have struggled with the feeling, knowing what opposition I should meet with from my family; but—but I find I can't live without you. Even the idea of a short separation makes me wretched. But, my dear Valerie—if you love me we need not be separated even for a day. I will take you with me when I go to-morrow."

She drew her hand, which he had gently taken, from him, stepping back in surprise.

"Take me with you, Lord Harcourt! What do you mean?"

"I mean that we can do what many a couple, situated as we are, have done before us—get married quietly at a registrar's, and save a world of fuss and trouble. Of course my people will be vexed at first; but when once the knot is tied they can only receive you, and you will take your proper position in society as my wife, and—as—as—the future Countess of Delamere, for I fear my poor father cannot be here long. Say that you consent, my darling—that you will come with me!"

They reached the end of the terrace as he spoke. He put her hand very gently within his arm as they stood, pressing it to his side.

Valerie's heart beat fast, and her color came and went. Her ambitious dreams were realized; the prize she had longed for, wealth, station, lay in her grasp.

How was it that it seemed all at once to have lost its value, like the fairy gold which turns to dead leaves in the hand?

He watched her face keenly in the silence; but he did not speak.

"Don't keep me in suspense," he pleaded, bending towards her, as she stood, with one hand on the low railing, gazing absently at the sunlit sea. "Say that you will only come!"

She drew a deep breath and looked at him.

For the first time it struck her that there was something hard and cruel in the handsome face; a treacherous light in the cold blue eyes.

"It is so sudden," she quickly faltered. "Why could we not wait until you return?"

"How do I know that I should find you in the same mind? No, it must be now or never."

"Then it will be never," Valerie replied with decision, "for I certainly shall not consent to anything so disreputable as a runaway marriage. What would my father and mother feel? What would the world say of me——"

"Bah! who cares what the world says?" he broke in, sharply. "Pardon my impatience, Valarie; if you loved me, you would not give that a single moment's consideration."

"Perhaps I should not," she answered; "but as it is I do."

He was evidently surprised. Biting his lip, he gave her a look which startled her.

"Thank you; that is explicit," he said, with a short angry laugh. "Then I am to conclude that you have drawn me on to a declaration merely for the pleasure of refusing me?"

"I have not drawn you on," she said indignantly.

"Of course not!" he cried, with a disagreeable smile.

"But I have not," she said.

"Of course not!" repeated he, in the same tone. "You and your friend did not speculate upon me from the first, did you? Though, as I have since learnt, you were not quite at liberty to do so, being engaged to another man. I wonder, by the way, if Corydon is aware how you have been amusing yourself lately? It might almost be a charity to tell him."

"It is unnecessary; he has heard already," said a voice behind them, and turning, with a start, Valerie found herself face to face with Jean Lemartel.

The color rushed to her cheeks, then receded, leaving them white and ghastly. After one swift, terrified glance at him, she drooped her head with a burning sense of humiliation.

My lord put up his eye-glass, and surveyed the intruder with a very superdilious stare.

"Is this gentleman a friend of yours, mademoiselle?" he drawled.

"My name is Lemartel, and I am—or was—Mademoiselle Destree's fiance," Jean replied, some menace in the studied calmness of his tone.

"Corydon himself, by Jove!" muttered the Englishman, with a suppressed laugh. "Charmed to make your acquaintance, monsieur," he said aloud. "We ought to be friends, as we are companions in misfortune. This cruel little beauty has been playing fast and loose with us both, it seems."

"I decline to discuss Mademoiselle Destree's conduct with you," Lemartel rejoined; "but I will tell you my opinion of your own, if you choose. Whatever your rank may be by the accident of birth, your actions are those of a scoundrel."

An ugly oath escaped the other, and he lifted his cane threateningly. Before it could descend, Jean wrested it from his hand, broke it in two, and tossed it over the fence.

Then, seizing Lord Harcourt's wrist in a grasp of iron, he lowered his voice, so as to be inaudible to Valerie.

"Who but an unmitigated scoundrel would seek to entrap an innocent girl to ruin by such a proposal as I overheard just now? You know well enough that a marriage so contracted by a French girl would not be legal either in France or England! You could shake off the tie when you pleased—and you know this, I say. What is your defence?"

"I shall not condescend to defend myself to you. Take your hand from my wrist, sir, and let me go."

For a moment Jean kept his hold, looking down at him with so dangerous a glitter in his eyes that the man cowered, and Valerie uttered a faint cry of alarm.

Jean looked at her; and with a gesture of angry contempt, flung his rival roughly aside.

"Go, then; and if you are wise, keep out of my path in future—and out of Mademoiselle Destree's. I have no right now to control your actions," he added gravely, turning to Valerie, "but I must ask what you are going to do. You cannot remain in the company of this man."

"I was going home," the girl faltered. "Rose is on the bench at the gate, waiting for me. Please make my excuses to Madame Lebrun," she added, addressing her late companion very coolly. "Adieu, monsieur!"

As if not caring to trust her, Jean walked by her side towards the gate. Milord looked after them with a smile which made his face sinister.

"Not 'adieu,' little jilt, but 'au revoir,'" he muttered. "I swear I will win you yet, if it be only to punish you for this. Nous verrons!"

Valerie's heart beat fast when she was alone with her lover, and for a moment she had not courage to speak.

"Jean," she began at last, glancing timidly at his pale, stern face, "I know that you are very angry with me, and that I have deserved your anger; but——"

"I am not angry," he interrupted, with a cold composure which took her by surprise. "A false and fickle woman is not worth an honest man's anger or regret."

The color rushed to her face.

"Indeed, I have not been false to you," she protested. "I have done wrong in suppressing the truth at home about M. Harcourt, and in letting him pay attention to me, but I never really cared for him—and I refused him just now as you must have heard."

"Yes, I heard; I heard all," said Jean, with a bitter smile. "I know that while I was living in a fool's paradise of love and hope, you were amusing yourself with this fine gentleman; laughing, no doubt, together you and he, at the simple lover who believed in you so blindly."

"No, no, Jean," the girl exclaimed; "I never mentioned you to him in my life. Deceitful I have been; fickle, if you will; but in my heart I have not ceased to—to love and respect you, and I have learned of late to value your affection as I never did before."

"We often learn the worth of a thing for the first time when we lose it," he commented, coldly.

"Do you mean that—that I have lost your love for ever?" Valerie faltered, pausing, and looking at him in forlorn appeal.

"You have lost my trust," was his grave reply; "and without perfect confidence love cannot exist."

"And you can renounce me calmly—coldly, without a pang?" the girl exclaimed.

"Without a pang?" he echoed, and his broad chest heaved with a tearless sob; "may you never feel such pain as it costs me. But we must part. I dare not trust the honor and happiness of my life in your keeping. Friends we may still be, if you will, but lovers nevermore."

The girl's heart contracted with a spasm which was like physical pain to her.

A wave of bitterest regret and self-reproach swept over her, then subsided, leaving her with a reckless feeling of indifference to everything.

"If I am not worthy of your love, I am equally unworthy of your friendship," she responded, in an altered voice. "Henceforth we will be strangers. Here is your ring."

She drew it from her finger as she spoke, but instead of handing it to him, she, with a sudden passionate movement, flung it into the advancing waves. Then, joining Rose, she walked quickly with her to the railway station.

* * * * * *

"The weather is changing, there will be rain before night," remarked Madame Destree about five o'clock on the following evening, as she glanced from the stocking she was mending to the darkening sky.

"Ay, it looks like it," rejoined her husband, laying down the paper; "and Jean will be caught in it. I met him this afternoon starting off to Samer on foot, by the 'old road.' He seemed out of spirits; he and Valerie have been having a tiff, I expect. Where is Valerie?"

"Lying down. She complained of a headache—overtired herself yesterday at Bainville, of course!"

Madame's tone was tart, and the innkeeper rubbed his bald forehead with a thoughtful frown.

"Don't you think wife," he said, "that she has gone a little bit too much to Bainville lately?"

"I think!" retorted Madame. "If she goes and takes up her bed and board there, it's no business of mine. You took that out of my hands, you know."

"The girl has not seemed like herself," he said mildly. "Go up to her, mere; see if she won't come down."

Madame deliberately finished the thin place she was darning before moving to comply. She was away a few minutes; when she returned there was a white look on her face which scared M. Destree.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Is the child ill?"

Madame shook her head, and carefully closed the door before replying.

"It is very strange," she said, lowering her voice. "Valerie is not in the house; and—and—Berthe has been telling me a tale."

Berthe had a crooked kind of temper. It chanced that Rose had had a holiday given her that day, which Berthe resented. It was not long since Rose had had a holiday before, while she—Berthe—had not been given one for ages and ages.

Besides this, Berthe thought it might be unwise to keep silence any longer upon what she knew, and she opened her mind to her mistress.

About half-an-hour before Madame Destree went up-stairs to her daughter's room, Berthe had seen Mademoiselle Valerie go quietly out at the side door, a small black traveling bag in her hand. Berthe, going up presently, found Mademoiselle's bedroom in disorder, and part of a torn letter and envelope lying on the floor.

"Berthe tells me it was brought here this morning by a boy," related Madame Destree to her husband, as she put the letter into his hand. "The boy said he was to wait for an answer, but Valerie sent word down that her answer was merely 'Yes.' Read it, Jacques."

He took it from his wife, mechanically, looking at her in a bewildered manner, carried it to the window and read it aloud. The fragment began abruptly, in the middle of a sentence.

"—— but in spite of your cruelty, I love you more madly than ever, and am determined not to give you up. My proposal yesterday scandalized you, but perhaps you will view it in another light if I tell you that Madame Lebrun approves the plan, and offers to accompany us, to play propriety. We shall wait for you in a closed carriage at the Abbey ruins this evening, at six o'clock. In a very few hours we shall be in London, and by mid day to-morrow you will be my wife. Send a word by the bearer—yes or no, and let it be 'Yes,' my queen. Your devoted

"HARCOURT."

The innkeeper turned towards his wife, his face blank with consternation.

"What in heaven's name does this mean?" he cried.

"It means," she answered, with angry emphasis, "that Valerie has disgraced us by an elopement—English fashion. You have nobody but yourself to thank for it, Jacques."

"But who is the man?" asked the unhappy father.

"Ah! Berthe has told me. It is all of a piece, husband, and Valerie has been as deceitful as the rest. It was not the old lord who came to stay at the Chalet Beauregard, but his son, the young lord, who has been making love to Valerie all these weeks. Her precious friend, Madame Lebrun, has led her into this entanglement!"

Jacques Destree crushed the letter in his hand, with the first oath his wife had ever heard from his lips.

"She shall answer for it," he said hoarsely, "and so shall this man, were he fifty times a lord, if my child comes to harm. But it is not too late to stop them. I can reach the Abbey before——"

He was interrupted by the sound of wheels in the courtyard, and an open carriage drew up at the door.

The first person who alighted was Madame Lebrun. She was followed by an agent de police in uniform, and a ranger of semi clerical appearance, evidently English; a tall, wiry man, whose clean-shaven face would have been singularly expressionless but for a pair of keen, observant gray eyes, which seemed to "make a note" of everything they rested on.

Brushing past Berthe, who had come forward, the widow burst into the sitting-room, dishevelled with haste and agitation.

"Monsieur Destree—such a terrible thing has happened," she began. "Ah, madame! I am almost out of my senses. To think that I should have been so deceived. Even now I can hardly believe it."

The French policeman quietly stepped forward.

"Allow me to explain to monsieur," he interposed. "My English colleague here ——"

"Inspector Bennett, of Scotland Yard, at your service," put in the latter, very blandly.

"Is charged with a warrant for the arrest of a certain Francis Walton, alis Marquis de la Roche, alias Viscount Harcourt, an accomplished swindler, who has been wanted by the police for some time back for various clever frauds. His latest exploit was to rob a young English nobleman, son of Lord Delamere, to whom he had contrived to get introduced in Paris as a Frenchman of distinction. He wormed himself into Lord Harcourt's confidence, acquiring an intimate knowledge of all his family affairs; and when the scent after him got too hot in Paris, he decamped with his lordship's desk, containing some money and a little jewelry, and——"

"And came straight off to me, passing himself off as Lord Harcourt," impatiently interrupted the widow, who was boiling over with her wrongs. "He thought rightly that my house was the last place where the police would look for him, and he has been living at my expense all the while, the rascal!"

"We should have nailed him to-day though," said the English officer, "but that a confederate of his got scent of his danger and came on to warn him. Walton has given us the slip for the moment, but we imagine that your daughter, monsieur, may hold a clue to his whereabouts."

"He wrote to Valerie this morning," the widow explained, "and I thought perhaps—where is she?" she broke off, looking round.

"Where is she?" the innkeeper echoed in a tone which startled her; "that is the question I must ask you, madame. What have you done with my daughter?"

She looked at him in astonishment.

"I—Monsieur Destree? I don't understand you," she exclaimed.

Then as a sudden light flashed upon her: "Don't tell me," she gasped, "that she is gone away with that villain!"

"Why should we tell you what you know already?" sharply spoke Madame Destree. "You were in his confidence—the elopement was of your planning. Read his letter, and deny it if you can."

The widow glanced over it, and contemptuously tossed the paper aside.

"It is false," she said indignantly. "I did not even know that he had proposed a clandestine marriage. I should never, never have countenanced it. It is true that I encouraged his attentions; I own to that; I thought it would be such a fine match for Valerie; and yesterday evening, when he told me she had refused him, I felt greatly vexed. My poor, pretty Valerie!"

But police officers, whether French or English, know better than to waste time in sentiment. Accompanied by the innkeeper, they got into the waiting carriage and were driven away at a gallop. The torn note had given them a clue as to the possible hiding-place of Walton.

The ruined Abbey of St. Evrard, with its crumbling ivy-mantled walls, crowned the summit of the hill on which the town was built.

It was approached by what was known—in contradistinction to a more convenient route lately constructed—as the "old road," which wound up the steep hillside, and skirting the ruin, dipped abruptly into the

wooded valley beyond.

Except by visitors to the Abbey, this road was seldom used, and was already becoming grass grown and neglected. It looked particularly gloomy in the thickening dusk of this rainy evening.

No living creatures were in sight, except the sheep which cropped the short herbage at the foot of the ruin, and a solitary woman's figure, leaning on the low stone wall which enclosed it. It was Valerie—first at the trysting-place.

The girl's face was white and troubled, and her eyes looked out wistfully at the wide darkening landscape beneath her, as if they were gazing into the mist and shadow of her own future.

What would that future be? Until now she had not allowed herself to reflect on what she was doing; yielding to a blind impulse of resentment and wounded pride; but now that question rose up before her, and struck chill to her heart.

She knew that she neither loved nor respected the man in whose power she was about to place herself.

He could give her, she supposed, all that she had been lately thinking most desirable—rank, riches, and power; but would these compensate for what she was relinquishing—the home she had left, and the love she had lost?

Suddenly a light dog-cart came in sight, rapidly mounting the hill towards the Abbey.

Valerie moved towards the flight of worn stone steps giving entrance to the enclosure (which was above the level of the road), and looked doubtfully at the advancing vehicle.

At first she did not recognise the driver, who was muffled in an ulster, with his hat pulled low over his eyes; but when he drew rein at the foot of the steps, she saw that it was Lord Harcourt.

He looked up and called to her, but seeing that she did not stir, shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and, after glancing up and down the lonely road, ascended the steps to her side.

"I beg a hundred pardons for keeping you waiting, my dearest, but I was detained at the last moment," he began, hurriedly.

He was flushed, and looked anxious and excited.

"Come, we have not one moment to lose."

Valerie drew back.

"Where is Madame Lebrun?" she asked quickly.

"Madame did not care to come, as it threatened rain; she will meet us at the Embarcadere," he answered, without looking at her.

There was something in his tone and manner which inspired her with sudden distrust.

"I believe you are deceiving me," she said, gazing at him searchingly.

"Believe what you like, only come," he returned, lightly. "We have a good hour's drive before us, and the boat starts sharp at seven."

"If you can deceive me in one thing you may in another; I shall not trust myself to you," was her stern reply. "I feel sure Madame Lebrun never agreed to come one step."

His face darkened.

"And you think I shall let you slip through my fingers like that? No, my beauty; I have won you and I mean to keep you."

"Not by force," she retorted, as he laid his hand on her wrist.

"Come, Valerie, don't be foolish," he expostulated. "I deceived you about Madame, I confess, but all's fair in love and war. It was a harmless fiction to quiet your scruples; we shall get on much better without her. Come, it is only the first step which costs. When once we are fairly started you will thank me for insisting."

He threw his arm round her to draw her down the steps; but Valerie, thoroughly roused now, resisted with all her might.

"I will not—I will not!" she cried passionately. "Let me go home—let me go back to——"

"To your rustic swain," he put in, with an angry laugh. "That you shall not, my girl, or I shall still be in his debt for yesterday's business. Little fool! do you know what you are refusing? Think what I can give you."

"You can give me nothing that will compensate for what I have lost through you," she returned. "I deserve to be called a fool for ever having listened to you, but I have come to my senses now."

"A little too late," he sneered, and fairly lifting her from her feet, in spite of her struggles, he carried her down the steps.

"Coward—coward!" she panted. "Ah, you would not dare it—if Jean were here! Jean—help, help!"

She uttered the name almost unconsciously, with no hope that her appeal would be heard.

But it had hardly left her lips when there was an answer from the turn of the road; a sound of hurried footsteps, and before she could realize what had happened, she was in Jean Lemartel's arms, while his rival measured his length on the ground.

The latter staggered to his feet, bewildered by the sudden attack.

Then, recognizing his assailant, he uttered a savage oath, and slipped his hand into the breast of his coat.

Confused and excited as she was, Valerie noticed the movement, and saw that Jean was in danger.

With a cry that rang shrilly through the evening stillness, she flung herself between the two men, and received in her shoulder the shot which was intended for her lover. Jean caught her as she was falling.

"Stand back—don't touch her!" he said hoarsely, as the Englishman, who looked genuinely dismayed at the mishap, approached to assist him.

At that moment, the carriage containing Monsieur Destree and the two policemen came galloping into sight.

Walton at once comprehended the peril he was in, and hurriedly made for the dog-cart.

The men shouted, and called "Stop him! Stop him!" and Jean, laying the fainting girl gently on the grass by the roadside, sprang forward and caught the reins as the other mounted.

Walton lashed at him furiously with the whip, while the frightened horse reared and plunged, but Lemartel kept his hold until the carriage dashed up, and its occupants came to his assistance.

A short, sharp scuffle, when Walton was overpowered, and had handcuffs put on his wrists.

"Sorry to interfere with your little plans, my Lord Viscount," said the detective drily, "but I fear your pleasure trip must be deferred—at any rate for the present. By and-by you may perhaps get change of air and scene at Government expense."

"But what is all this?" gasped the innkeeper, as he now saw Valerie.

Jean Lemartel explained: Valerie had received the shot which was meant for him.

Showing signs of returning consciousness, she was carefully lifted into the carriage by her father and Jean.

The officers drove off in the dog-cart with their prisoner, to convey him into the safe keeping of that justice at whose hands he would assuredly get his deserts.

* * * * * *

Valerie's wound proved more serious than was at first supposed, and it was many weeks before she was able to leave her bed, and be about again.

Nothing could conquer her languor and depression, and she shrank nervously from visitors.

Not a day passed without Jean's calling at the inn to inquire after her. His manner to her was invariably gentle, but its reserve and constraint seemed to augment the gulf between them.

She knew that it could not be otherwise; but, all the same, her heart rebelled passionately against the change, and she felt as if she would give half her life to regain the faithful heart she had so lightly thrown away.

One day she sat quietly in her favorite jasmine bower, now withered and forlorn.

The autumn morning was mild as spring, but grey and melancholy, with that hushed and pensive stillness in the air, which seems like Nature's mood of calm regret for the year's decay.

Valerie was sitting with her hands listlessly clasped on the rustic table before her, when the garden gate swung to, and Jean came slowly down the path.

She did not see him till he was close to her; then she started and half rose, as if her first impulse were to fly.

He paused in the arched entrance of the arbor, his dark eyes dwelling earnestly on her face.

"Why do you avoid me, Valerie?" he asked very gravely. "Are you afraid of me?"

She made no answer, but with a constrained smile, sank on to the bench again.

Jean took his seat at her side.

"You need not fear that I shall touch upon unwelcome topics," he said. "The past is dead and buried so far as I am concerned, except one fact which I do not wish to forget; that you saved my life at the risk of your own."

She shook her head.

"But for me you would never have been in danger. Oh, Jean," she faltered, laying her hand on his arm, "you do not know what I have suffered during my illness—the pain and remorse I have felt. I cannot expect to regain your—your—what I lost—but let me know that I have your forgiveness; that you can think of me without bitterness."

Jean took the little pleading hand in both his own, looking at her with a serious little smile.

"There is no room in my heart for resentment, Valerie. It is full to the brim of—love."

She started, raising her eyes with an incredulous look.

"In spite of everything, I love you. Love is a plant of obstinate growth, my dear, not easily destroyed when once it has taken firm root."

"But I can't believe it, Jean."

"Then the sooner I prove it, the better," he whispered tenderly. "My darling, how soon will you be my wife?"

With a sigh of sweet contentment, Valerie allowed herself to be drawn into those protecting arms; and all the troubles of the past were effaced as he kissed away her shower of happy tears.

[THE END.]

Rescued.

BY D. KER.

"LIONEL, Lionel, are you there?"

It was evening; a soft purplish haze was creeping from the river over the land, rendering yet more obscure a narrow lane which ran along the garden wall, topped by trees and high bushes, of a small villa on the river's bank.

The voice was a girl's, low and musical, with the vibration of nervousness in it. But where did it come from? The clouds?

A young fellow who for the last ten minutes had been standing in the shadow of the wall, within sight of the green door let into it, knew it was not from there.

Much to his happiness it was an earthly voice, but where it came from he could not for a moment tell.

He looked up and down the lane, then on each side; after that it occurred to him it would be best to answer.

"Yes dear; but where are you?"

"Up here, Leo in the elder-tree, and the insects do tickle so."

"Why, Nelly, what are you doing there?" he exclaimed, laughing. "Love in a bush indeed. Why don't you come and open the door?"

"Because I can't; and it's very cruel of you to laugh, Leo. I shall go. Good-bye, sir."

"No, no, Nelly!" he exclaimed, quickly. "Dear Nelly, forgive me. But why can't you come to the door?"

"Pray don't talk so loud, Leo. We shall be heard. Janet's always spying about somewhere, and I never knew anybody's ears so sharp. I believe it is she who's taken the key of the door. Yes, that's it, Leo, the door's locked—I can't get out and you can't in."

"What shall we do, Nelly?"

"Oh, dear, pray whisper. Do you think, Leo, you could climb on to the wall? I've the ladder on this side."

"Think! I'll try, Nelly. It'll all depend on the strength of the boughs."

Taking a run and a spring, Lionel Morris clutched a mass of branches. They bent with him; but before they entirely yielded he had grasped the coping, and with Nelly Wentworth's aid, dragged himself on to the wall by her side.

"Love laughs at locksmiths, darling," he said, as he took her in his arms and kissed her. "Why it's quite jolly here."

"And safe; no one can see us, only the insects."

"Never mind them, Nelly. Now, dear, what is it all about?"

"Why, Leo, it's all settled!"

"What is settled?"

"I'm to marry Captain Brooke.

"You! Come, Nelly, it's you laughing now."

"No, Leo, it's right-down positive. Since mamma refused you when you proposed for me, and forbade your coming to the house, or seeing, or writing to me, the captain has been here every day."

"Confound him!"

"Yes, Leo, it's very hard, isn't that one can be loved against their will!"

"Nelly, pet, my only wonder is that every one doesn't love you. I can't see how they can help it"—a kiss—"only I don't see why you should marry anyone but the one you like—and you must not, Nelly—for my sake, you must not!"

"But I must, Leo. Captain Brooke is coming to-morrow, mamma says, on purpose, she is sure, to propose, and I must accept him."

"But you mustn't, Nell. You must run away with me first."

"No, Leo," and the girl drew back, "I'll never wed without mamma's consent. She is the best, kindest of mothers, but for this—and—Leo—I believe it's Janet that's doing it all!"

"Janet! Why, Nell, she always seemed my friend."

"Yours, Leo, not mine. She now says to marry anyone with only two hundred and fifty a year is—what does she call it?—moral suicide; but I think, Leo, if you were to ask she'd commit it!"

"Nelly!"

"I do, Leo—it's jealousy. Oh! hark! there she is!"

A feminine voice was heard, calling:

"Nelly, Nelly."

To prevent their leafy place of rendezvous being discovered, the lovers took a hasty farewell, Leo protesting that, if Nelly wedded other than himself, she destroyed his happiness for ever. Then the young girl, creeping through the bushes, regained the house undetected.

Mrs. Wentworth was the widow of Major Wentworth, who, on his death, had left her no more than her pension to live on, that would not have enabled her to keep up the style she did but for her late father's nice little fortune, which society affirmed had been bequeathed to Mrs. Wentworth's children—Gertie, aged thirty, Janet, who called herself twenty-six, and Nelly eighteen, and as the widow never denied the statement, there was no reason why it should not be true.

Mrs. Wentworth held that the sole aim and end of a girl's existence was a lucrative marriage.

Gertie already had become Mrs. Archibald Craven, with a dowry of her grandfather's money.

Janet had had suitors, to which, however, either she did not incline, or who were not considered eligible.

Nelly's first was Lionel, simply a banker's clerk, with a salary of not three hundred a-year.

But Nell's surmise respecting her elder sister was sadly near the mark. Leo was her own age, and her inclination had been instantly attracted to him, while—perhaps love is blind—she regarded his attentions to Nelly—"a mere child"—in no serious light.

So stood matters when, the season arriving, Mrs Wentworth selected Scarborough as the watering place for their summer outing.

There they had met Captain Brooke, whose fashionable exterior, and evident position in society, made him of no little importance among the seaside visitors.

His attentions to Nelly soon became marked, and Mrs. Wentworth thrilled with proud satisfaction at so excellent a match, while Janet had even expressed pleasure.

The only one dissatisfied and alarmed was Nell herself. Already was she secretly troth-plighted to Leo; and no sooner did they return to town than she acquainted him with the state of affairs.

"Well, darling," he remarked, cheerfully, "there's but one thing to be done. I must be before the captain. I know Mrs. Wentworth likes me, and Janet is my friend."

Whereupon he had proposed and been rejected; and when persisting, he had sought a second interview, been forbidden the house, and to see or write to Nelly again—a prohibition neither had obeyed.

After that interview on the garden wall, Leo, despite his cheerfulness before Nelly, rowed away down the river very alarmed, wretched, and depressed.

He got very little sleep that night. How could he, when he reflected upon the trial awaiting her he loved on the morrow?

"If she refuse the captain, she puts herself at variance with all her family," he reflected. "If she accept him, she ruins my happiness and her own. She'll never do that. If I could but help her—save her! It seems so mean letting her fight all alone!"

Having tossed himself almost into a fever, he rose early, and the first thing he saw on his breakfast-table was a note from Nelly. The lines enclosed were few, and blotted by tears.

With difficulty, and indignation blended with compassion for the writer, he read as follows:

"Dear, Dear Leo,—Forgive me—farewell for ever! Such a scene occurred last evening, and I have yielded. Captain Brooke comes to four-o'clock tea to-morrow, and I've promised to accept him. Mamma looked so pleased, and kissed me so fondly. Janet looked triumphant. I know I am right—jealousy. I can write no more. All is over. Pardon, dear—dearest Leo.

"Your heart-broken

"NELLY."

He stopped abruptly. His expression abruptly changed, his brows were knit with thought. A space there was silence, then he continued:

"By Jove! After all I believe Nelly is right about Janet. That was why she told me about it. It was to test me. She most signally failed, but why should I not try it on Brooke? I will; anything to rescue Nell!"

Seizing his hat, rushing downstairs, calling a hansom, he drove to his friend Dick Henley's, who had rooms in Pump Court.

"Dick," he said, "I want you to do me a favor—to write a letter I shall dictate—anonymous."

"Leo, I don't hold with anonymous communications. An anonymous letter is——" began Dick, sententiously.

"Oh, yes, I know," broke in Leo; "but sometimes, old fellow, it is justifiable, and I mean this to contain nothing but truth. Hear what I have to tell; then, Dick, take your pen and write."

Leo won the day. Dick wrote the letter, Leo saw it safely delivered at the captain's rooms.

Then he returned to his own, and waited.

Oh! the weary waiting! Five o'clock! Ah! there was the postman. Was he coming? Yes! A letter! A letter from Nell.

Tearing it open, his eyes danced as he read:

"Dear Leo,—Joy! joy! joy! All is off. The captain has just written—he cannot come this afternoon; he has been summoned unexpectedly abroad. It is doubtful when he will return. He doesn't say it, but he means it, that he's changed his mind about happy me. Meet me in the Willow Glen—no—the elder-tree to-night.

"Your loving

"NELLY."

"I've rescued her—I've rescued her!" cried Leo, performing a pas seul to work off some of his exuberant delight. "Not only is all fair in love, but I've exposed the worthlessness of the fellow."

That night a second interview took place on the wall among the elder-blossoms and the insects.

"Oh, Leo dear, I'm so glad—aren't you?" said Nell, nestling to his side.

"Yes, darling. You see the fellow never really loved you, only your money."

"My money, Leo? Why, I haven't a penny-piece dowry."

"No; but he thought you had; he wasn't told otherwise, was he? Your mother kept that for a last communication. Now, when he did know——"

"How, Leo?"

"I told him I'd heard the captain was in debt, and in my distraction this morning I wondered if he knew you were poor, or fancied you, like Gertie, had four thousand dollars, and resolved to test him.

"I had a letter (anonymous) sent, telling him how Mrs. Wentworth's father had died, leaving his property between her children, Gertie and Janet; and how you, not being born until two years after his death, had got nothing. I told him if he doubted he'd only to pay a shilling at Somerset House and make certain. Which I daresay he did, and then, instead of coming down down to four-o'clock tea, wrote, and went abroad. Don't you see?"

"Oh! dear Leo, how clever of you!" cried Nell, giving him a little hug. "Now I've a shield against all lovers, dear, but you."

"Which, darling, I never should have done," he remarked on his wedding-day, "but for that 'happy thought' of your grandfather's will, which rescued you from the mercenary, fashionable, young sporting officer, Captain Brooke."

SOMEWHERE.

BY W. C. M.

Ah! somewhere away, in the time to be—
Ah! some time, I know not when—
The song of the past will come back to me;
The face that in dreams I have loved to see
Will come to me once again.

My heart will be thrilled, as in days of old,
With joy when thy face is nigh;
And then I will stray o'er the sands of gold,
And tell thee the tale that I fain had told—
The love of my dreams gone by.

HIS ATONEMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE sweet summer twilight was still lingering in the heavy air, as a young man, dressed in an old suit of tweeds and a shabby felt hat, was loitering on the platform of the Great Northern Railway Station.

What he was doing there he could not have told you himself. It was a change from the streets.

He could rest on one of the benches; he might even venture to lie down for a few minutes in the waiting-room. After a while, he knew, one of the Company's policemen would ask him what train he meant to travel by, as a hint that, unless he were an intending passenger, he had no business on the premises.

But he expected to be left alone for half-an-hour, and to be out of the streets even for that time was something.

The night express for the North was standing ready to receive its passengers, and the platform was becoming more crowded every moment with the travelers and their friends.

The young man in the dusty tweeds was standing with his hands half thrust into the pockets of his jacket, apparently studying one of the time-bills on the wall. He had not an idea of what he was looking at.

The question he was trying to solve was whether he should have some supper and spend the night in the open air, or go supperless to bed.

The former plan would leave something over for breakfast, whereas——

Suddenly a hand descended on his shoulder, and a hearty voice sounded in his ear—

"Bellingham!"

The young man started, and turned round, with staring eyes, but involuntarily shrank back, as the word "Beckett!" escaped his lips.

Alfred Beckett stood there, the picture of health, easy circumstances, good humor, good spirits—a striking contrast to the weary, hopeless, poverty-stricken individual he had addressed.

"How are you, my dear fellow? How are you getting on? What have you been doing with yourself all this time? It seems an age since we parted in the old quad at Oxford."

Bellingham uttered a bitter laugh.

"Been going steadily to the dogs ever since," he said.

"That's bad; but I daresay things will mend—they have with me. By Jove! if you had seen me in the streets of Sydney two months ago! But that's all over now. Tell you what," he continued, as the other made no answer—"suppose you come down into the country with me, and I'll tell you all about it on the way down—quite a romantic story. Then you'll stay a few days with me in peace and quiet, and we'll plan out something for you."

"You're awfully good, Beckett," returned the other, as a weak, melancholy smile overspread his countenance; "but, really, you see, I'm not fit to——"

"Nonsense, man!" returned Beckett, as a slight flush overspread his bronzed face. "It will be dark on the journey, and I'll rig you out as soon as we get to Wardale. Come to the refreshment-room and have some supper. There's a quarter of an hour before the train starts."

And Bellingham, half-unwillingly, suffered himself to be led away.

The two young men were much alike in point of age, height, and general physical appearance; but there the resemblance ended.

Beckett had a naturally brave, cheerful spirit that laughed at misfortune and never lost hope.

Bellingham was weaker. He had a good disposition, a kind heart, and fair abilities; but he had neither the energy which is necessary to fight the world single-handed, nor the courage which refuses to accept defeat.

Soon after he had left Oxford his father's death had thrown him upon the world with a very small stock of money, and only one near relation, an uncle, with whom he had soon quarreled.

Thrown thus upon his own resources, Bellingham made several attempts to stem the current; but he had no profession, no trade, nothing he could turn into money, and meantime his little capital dwindled away.

For a few weeks before his old friend met him at King's Cross he had been almost penniless.

Just before the train started, the two friends rushed to the place which had been secured for them by one of the officials, and took their seats.

The car was half filled with Beckett's baggage—portmanteau, hat-box, despatch-box, rugs—everything apparently new.

"Now tell me your story, old man," said Beckett, as he lighted a cigar and offered one to his companion. Bellingham's commonplace misfortunes were soon told.

"And now tell me what you have been doing," he said, as he finished his narrative. "I heard you had gone to Australia."

"So I did," answered Beckett. "Like you, I was thrown on my own resources soon after I left college. My parents died when I was a boy, as you know, and my old aunt who brought me up went over to the majority. Ah!" he suddenly exclaimed, dropping his cigar, and pressing his hand to his side.

"What's the matter?" cried Bellingham, in some alarm.

"It's nothing," answered Beckett, after a pause, "only a sudden pain. I have had it once or twice before; it never lasts long. It has gone already."

"But you ought to see a doctor about it," said his companion.

"Well, perhaps I may. But I was telling you my aunt died, and left me a small sum. She had spent the greater part of her means, poor old lady, on my education, for I was her only nephew, her only relation indeed. Well, I thought it the best plan to immigrate before I wasted my money trying to find work in England. I went to Australia

"And made your fortune?"

"No, indeed. I lost every penny I had. I'll tell you about my adventures, such as they were, some other day. It is only two months since I was wandering about the streets of Sydney ready to do any job that turned up to earn a few coppers. By Jove! it seems like a dream!"

He paused for moment, and Bellingham waited for him to proceed.

"I was looking over a newspaper in a low eating-house one day, when my own name caught my eye at the top of a column of the paper. If I applied to a firm of solicitors in the town, I would hear of something to my advantage. It turned out that a second cousin of mine, of whom I had scarcely heard, whom I had never seen in my life, had died intestate, suddenly, after the death of both his children, who were drowned in a boat accident. And I am heir to the whole estate—$15000 a year, after paying the widow's settlements. I can hardly believe it yet. I had no difficulty in proving my identity, for luckily I had taken some of my old aunt's papers abroad with me, and they supplied dates of my birth and baptism, and all the rest of it. Well, the solicitors advanced me $1000 on account. I took the next steamer to England, landed this morning, arrived in London an hour before I saw you, and now I am going down to take possession."

"So you haven't seen your new friends yet?"

"Not one, nor any old friends either, except yourself. My cousin's widow is still staying at Upton Manor. I sent word through the lawyers that she was to stay as long as she chose."

"You've written, I suppose, to tell her of your arrival?"

"No, I haven't. Fact is, I haven't had time. I think I'll go to the inn first, if there is one, and send a message. It would be more polite."

"Yes, of course," said Bellingham, absently.

"And now the question is, how can I be of use to you? But there's plenty of time to talk that over. We'll stay at Upton some days, at any rate, and that will give us plenty—— Ah!"

Again the young man cried out and laid his hand upon his heart, then, with a low moan, he sank backwards.

Bellingham sprang from his seat and lifted the poor fellow up, loosened his collar, let down the window, and laid the prostrate form carefully along the cushion.

Then he fell to rummaging his friend's luggage for a flask. After some trouble, he found what he wanted, a flask half full of brandy.

He tried to pour some of the spirit down his friend's throat, but there was no power to swallow.

Then he tore open Beckett's waistcoat and laid his hand upon his heart. It had ceased to beat!

Bellingham sank down on the opposite seat and covered his face with his hands. It was too awful. A moment ago he was here, full of life and spirits, looking forward to entering soon upon his inheritance, talking of what he would do to assist his friend, and now——

Then suddenly it occurred to Bellingham that his position might be a dangerous one.

Suppose the doctors declared that they could not account for the death? Here was he, a poor man, without a penny in his pocket, and his companion, evidently, from his luggage, a man of wealth, lying dead beside him.

Would it not be the wiser plan to pull the cord and tell at once what had occurred?

He rose from his seat, and approached the window of the car.

He put out his hand, and was feeling for the cord above the window, when a thought made him withdraw his hand and sink down upon the seat trembling, covered with a cold perspiration.

Why should he not change places with the dead man?

That was the thought that had surged through his brain, paralyzing his limbs, and making his heart beat as if it would burst its prison. Why should he not? No one at Upton Manor had ever seen Alfred Beckett.

No one had seen him since he returned from Australia; only the lawyers in Sydney, and possibly his late fellow-passengers who were already scattered over the country, could have recognized the young man who was going to enter upon the enjoyment of an unexpected fortune.

If he failed, a prison might be before him—he hardly knew; but if he succeeded ——!

The moral aspect of the matter hardly occurred to him. The question to him was—could he carry out the personation? Dare he attempt it?

And he told himself that he could do it. He clenched his teeth and his hands, and in his own mind the thing was really done.

Trembling with excitement, he began to change his clothes for those which his deceased friend was wearing.

At first he could hardly proceed with his task, but as he went on with it he grew calmer, and in less than a quarter of an hour stood there, well dressed, a well-filled purse in his pocket, the heir to a large estate—in fact, Alfred Beckett.

For a minute or two he stood silently trying to realise what he had done, thinking what he should say.

Then he pulled the cord, the train slackened speed and came to a standstill, the conductor made his appearance at the car-window.

CHAPTER II.

IN a trembling voice, Bellingham told what had occurred, and the man immediately searched the train to see if a doctor was among the passengers.

It happened that a medical man who belonged to Peterborough—the first station at which the train was appointed to stop—was in the train; and in a few seconds he was leaning over Beckett's body.

He declared at once that the man was dead—of the cause of death he could give no opinion.

Bellingham answered the questions which were put to him as shortly as he could, and asked the conductor to remove his luggage to another car, adding that, as his journey was not of great importance, he would stay at Peterborough until after the inquest.

The change was effected; the passengers, some of whom had left their places and crowded round the car-door, went back to their seats; Bellingham followed his luggage, and the train resumed its journey.

Fortunately the car was empty, and Bellingham was able to collect his thoughts and decide upon his next step.

He had already decided to stay at Peterborough, where he supposed the inquest would be held, until it should be over. This would disarm any suspicion that might have been aroused, and would give him time to get used to his new position.

Now he began to consider whether there were any circumstances which might come to light concerning him with the dead man.

He had purposely left one or two unimportant papers in the pockets of the clothes which he had transferred to the body of his friend; but he had taken care that they contained no clue to his identity.

Suddenly it flashed upon his mind—the railway tickets! Would it not seem odd if the two tickets had been taken for some remote country station, and if one of the two passengers traveling with these tickets had died suddenly and the other denied all knowledge of him?

Then Bellingham remembered that Beckett had never given him the ticket which had been procured for him. No ticket whatever would be found upon the dead man's body.

He did not even know where the tickets were, or what station they were for. He only knew that poor Beckett had spoken of "Upton Manor," but where the place was he had no idea.

After a short search, Bellingham found the tickets in a little case in one of the pockets of the coat he was wearing. They were both for York.

After a moment's thought, he tore one of the tickets into fragments, and threw them one by one, at intervals of a few seconds, out of the window.

Then it occurred to him that all the passengers had been asked to show their tickets before the train left King's Cross. The officials would no doubt declare that no one had been allowed to begin his journey without a ticket, least of all a shabbily-dressed man traveling in a first-class car.

For a minute or two he trembled. Of course there was no proof against him; but what he was anxious to avoid was the cropping up of suspicious circumstances which might lead to further inquiry.

At last a plan occurred to him. He would declare that he had been alone in the car when he left the King's Cross, and that the deceased man had entered when the train halted for a moment at Finsbury Park on its way north.

It had been nearly dark when the suburban station was reached, and it was not at all an unlikely thing that one who wished to travel without paying his fare should join the train there.

Bellingham had scarcely finished concocting this explanation, when Peterborough was reached.

He went at once to an hotel, while the body of his friend was laid, at his request, in a bedroom of the hotel, instead of being carried to the workhouse.

That night Bellingham could not sleep. The early summer dawn found him still tossing to and fro, a prey to vague fears and disquieting fancies. He gave up the effort to sleep, rose, dressed himself, and sat down to face the perplexities which had been assailing him.

What had he to fear? There was literally no chance that anyone would come forward and say that the dead man was Alfred Beckett.

What likelihood was there that anyone would be able to say, or even to conjecture, that he was not the man he pretended to be? The Sydney lawyers? They were at the other side of the globe.

Even if they had written home a description of Beckett's appearance, it would not much matter, for he and Beckett were about the same height, and both had dark brown hair and eyes.

True, he was too pale for a man who had just ended a voyage from Australia, but a few days spent in the open air would mend that.

Beckett had told him he had only been an hour in London before meeting him at King's Cross; he could not therefore have called on his lawyers or his friends in town.

Had he written to them? It was possible; and he determined that he would telegraph to them, instead of writing, to say that he had arrived.

Meanwhile he would practice himself in imitating Beckett's handwriting. It would certainly never do to sign his name in a way very different from that in which Beckett had signed it.

He set to work and turned over the luggage which he had brought with him. The despatch-box was nearly empty, but he found his friend's signature in a book, and set to work to copy it until he could imitate the writing well enough to deceive one who was not very familiar with it.

On one important point Bellingham made up his mind before quitting his room that morning—he would not risk staying in England.

Some of Beckett's friends were sure to turn up sooner or later. He would tell no one of his whereabouts at present.

Then, when the inquest was over, he would go down to Upton Manor, appoint a steward to act in his absence and conduct his correspondence, and then he would go abroad and pass some years, at least, in travel.

The inquest was opened on the following day. It was not until the false Alfred Beckett found himself seated in the room where the coroner was holding his court that he realized that he was about to take an oath with a lie on his lips.

He shuddered, but he silenced his conscience, telling himself that it was now too late to draw back, and, after all, the only false allegations he need make—that the deceased was a stranger to him, and that he had entered the train at Finsbury Park—were not material.

Soon the Testament was put into his hand, and steadying his voice, he said—

"My name is Alfred Beckett."

"Your residence?" put in the coroner sternly.

Bellingham started. He had forgotten to ascertain where Upton Manor exactly lay. But the coroner was waiting, pen in hand, ready to take down the reply.

"Upton Manor, Upton, Yorkshire," answered Bellingham.

"Very good. Now?"

"I was a passenger last night by the train leaving London for York at 9 P. M. At Finsbury Park the deceased came into the car. He came in hurriedly. He had no luggage. We were alone. Some little time after we left Finsbury Park (I cannot say exactly how long) the deceased uttered a cry and put his hand to his side. I asked him what was the matter, and he answered shortly that it was nothing, that he had had these spasms before, and that it would go off shortly. Some minutes afterwards he cried out again, and he put his hand to the same place—to his heart. Then, suddenly, he fell backwards. I went to him, loosened his collar, and laid him flat on the seat. Then I tried to give him some brandy from my flask, but he could not swallow it. I believe he was dead then. When I understood what had happened, I pulled the cord and stopped the train."

It was a clear and apparently straightforward story. No one doubted it. No one offered any cross-examination. Then came the doctor.

The deceased had died, he said, from heart disease. From the state of the organ it was evident that he could not have lived long in any case.

Any excitement or sudden shock would be sufficient to cause death.

"Such excitement as might arise from an attempted fraud upon a railway company by traveling without a ticket?" asked the coroner.

"Yes."

A policeman was next called, who said he had searched the body, and found only common articles in the pockets.

There were some scraps of paper, but they contained no name or address, nor any other clue to the identity of the deceased. There was no railway-ticket in any of the pockets.

This was all the evidence; and the jury returned a verdict of "Died from natural causes," as a matter of course.

Bellingham took on himself the ordering of the funeral, and followed his friend's body to the grave. When all was over, he returned to the hotel, feeling as if he were a murderer.

It was three days before he could summon courage to go on to Upton Manor. The fear of detection, of some forgotten circumstance, or of someone who knew the real

Alfred Beckett rising up to him, was always before his eyes.

"I had better go on," he said to himself on the evening of the third day. "It must be done sooner or later, and the sooner the better."

He set off next morning, and went to York. Then he found, by the help of a gazetteer, that Upton Manor lay in a remote part of the county, near a village called Dimsdale.

It was a lovely evening when Bellingham arrived at his destination. The sun was still an hour or two above the horizon, and a flood of golden light rested upon meadow and coppice, making the hamlet, with its picturesque cottages and its gray old church, look like a village in fairyland.

Bellingham drove at once to the Blue Lion, an inn which was little better than a village ale-house.

It was evening of the next day before he could summon up courage to go to the Manor House. He felt as if he could not go in broad day light.

A long avenue of trees stretched from the high road to the house.

Then came gardens and thick hedges of laurels, then a large, old-fashioned brick house, with many small windows.

It was nearly dark when Bellingham entered the drawing-room, and found himself shaking hands with a tall, pale woman dressed in crape. This was Mrs. Beckett. She took the heir's hand in silence, looking steadily in his face; and he, too, found it impossible to speak.

Mrs. Beckett was the first to recover her composure.

"Let me introduce you to my daughter, Maud Elwes," she said, and a tall, fair-haired girl, pale, like her mother, moved forward as she spoke.

Miss Elwes (Mrs. Beckett's daughter by a former marriage) has a sweet face, with gray eyes, a short upper lip, and a delicate, gentle mouth. She, too, held out her white hand, and Bellingham took it almost in silence.

"Did you get my note?" asked Bellingham, when they were seated.

This was a question which he had determined to ask at once. He wanted to find out whether the widow had seen the true Alfred Beckett's handwriting.

"No," answered Mrs. Beckett, in some surprise.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," returned Bellingham, carelessly. "It was merely a note sent to announce my arrival, that I might not take you by surprise. I gave it to a railway porter to post. No doubt the man forgot it."

It was a probable story enough, and quite unimportant, yet Bellingham's voice faltered as he told it. He could not look at Mrs. Beckett as he spoke, and he was glad that the twilight hid his face.

"I wonder where Lucy is; she can't be in the garden still," said Mrs. Beckett, apparently anxious to find something to say.

As she spoke, the outer door banged, and a merry, bright-eyed girl of fourteen came into the room.

"Lucy, my dear, this is Mr. Beckett," said the mother.

The child's face changed at once.

"You are the man who has come to turn us out of our home," her eyes said plainly.

But Bellingham smiled, and held out his hand. He was fond of all children, and Lucy was only a child. She came up to him and gravely took his hand.

"I hope we shall be good friends," he said. "Will you show me the house and garden to-morrow?"

"Perhaps," answered the girl.

"For shame, Lucy," said Mrs. Beckett, gravely.

Bellingham laughed, and glanced at Maud. The girl was evidently trying to smother a laugh, and the stranger thought he had never seen anything so charming as her expression.

From that moment all constraint seemed to die away. Some questions Bellingham was obliged to answer vaguely; but for the most part he asked questions himself, and as neither Mrs. Beckett nor her daughters were slow to answer him, the conversation languished no longer.

Mrs. Beckett would not hear of the owner of the house leaving it that night; and as Bellingham lay down to rest, two thoughts followed each other through his brain.

The first was, that he had passed successfully through a dangerous crisis; the second was that, of all villains alive, he, Alfred Bellingham, was the worst.

* * * * * *

Next morning the little party met at the breakfast-table without embarrassment on either side. When the meal was over, Lucy graciously extended her favor to the stranger, and conducted him over the house and grounds.

The house itself was much larger than it had appeared on a first inspection, and it was delightfully irregular and quaint. At the farther end of a meadow was a tiny white-wash cottage.

"That's where we are going to live," said Lucy.

"Oh, no; you are going to live here," said Bellingham, gaily.

Lucy shook her head.

"I'm sure mamma means to go and live at the White Cottage; I have heard her say so over so many times."

That afternoon the subject was suddenly broached.

"We hope you will let us a cottage which everyone here knows as the White Cottage," said Mrs. Beckett. "It is empty, and as it is small it will suit our purse very well."

Bellingham turned pale, and then flushed up.

"My dear Mrs. Beckett," he said, "I do wish you would believe that you would positively be conferring a favor upon me by remaining here. I shall only be here a few days myself. I am going abroad; I ——"

"Thank you very much, but it is impossible," said Mrs. Beckett.

"Then, of course, the cottage is yours, rent free, as long as you choose to occupy it."

"Not rent free," said the lady, with a smile.

"Mrs. Beckett, you pain me," began Bellingham, in a low tone.

"I quite understand you," said Mrs. Beckett. "You feel as if you were an interloper, an usurper, but it is not so. Under no circumstances could your cousin's estate have passed to my first husband's children. You do them no possible injury. As for me, I have six hundred a year under my settlement, and am content, only I must save half my income to make a provision for my girls."

At this point the door opened, and Maud came into the room.

"Come in, my dear," said her mother; "our little bit of business is over. Mr. Beckett is going to let us have the White Cottage."

"I am so glad; then we shan't need to leave home after all!" exclaimed the girl, with a grateful look at the new master.

Bellingham turned away his head uneasily, and said nothing.

"By the way," said Mrs. Beckett, "if you mean to travel, perhaps you will find it necessary to have a steward."

"Yes," answered Bellingham, quickly; "there's nothing I hate like writing letters, except making up accounts. Of course I will make no change in that respect."

"My husband was his own steward," said the widow, gently; "but there is an old gentleman in the village, a friend or protege of my daughter's"—here she glanced affectionately at Maud—"who is, I think, exceedingly competent for the duties. He is at present the village schoolmaster. His name is Graveson. He——"

"My dear madam," interrupted Bellingham, "I am really very much obliged to you for recommending someone for the place. It relieves me of some anxiety. I shall see the old gentleman to-night, and I have no doubt I shall be able to engage him, if he has had any experience of managing property."

"He was formerly land steward to Lord Wayne," went on Mrs. Beckett; "and he lost his situation through the dishonesty of his son, who forged the old man's name, and ran away with a large sum of Lord Wayne's money. Mr. Graveson made good the loss, but he lost his place all the same; and he has never been able to find anyone since who would give him a position of trust."

"If you can recommend him, that is enough for me," said Bellingham, carelessly.

"I could answer for Mr. Graveson's honesty as I would for my own," said Maud, suddenly.

"Maud, my dear!" said her mother, in a deprecating way. "Suppose we send for Mr. Graveson; then you can judge for yourself," she added, turning quickly to Bellingham.

The old gentleman soon made his appearance, and after a few formal questions, Bellingham engaged him at a liberal salary without more ado.

The arrangement suited Bellingham admirably. Hitherto he had been afraid even to write to the lawyers to announce his arrival, for they would of course notice that the handwriting was different from that of Alfred Beckett who had written to them from Australia.

Now he had nothing to do but to send them the notes of the evidence of identity which he had found in Beckett's despatch-box through his new steward, Mr. Graveson.

The old gentleman was touched by the confidence reposed in him, and thanked Bellingham with tears in his eyes.

Shortly after he left the house, Bellingham accidentally met Maud in the long hall.

She stopped as if she had something to say to him. A lovely blush covered her face, her eyes were moist, her voice trembled a little as she spoke.

"I am so very much obliged to you, Mr. Beckett, for giving the stewardship to my old friend. The truth is, I asked mamma to beg the place for him. I am so thankful he has got it!"

Bellingham blushed in his turn, and a delicious thrill ran through his heart. But he dared not meet the girl's grateful look.

He, the thief, to be thanked and praised for engaging a servant to look after the stolen property!

It was too much—too humiliating. He muttered something unintelligible, and made his escape, knowing in his heart that he was gaining all the more credit in Maud's eyes by seeming to shrink from her expressions of gratitude.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONJUGAL ATTENTIONS.—The duties of husbands are thus laid down in a discourse by a clergyman: "The first duty of husbands is to sympathize with their wives in all their cares and labors. Men are apt to forget, in the perplexities and annoyances of business, that home cares are also annoying, and try the patience and strength of their wives. They come home expecting sympathy and attention, but are too apt to have none to give. A single kindly word or look that tells his thought of her and her troubles would lift half the weight of care from her heart. Secondly, husbands should make confidants of their wives, consulting them on their plans and prospects, and especially on their troubles and embarrassments. A woman's intuition is often better than all his wisdom and shrewdness, and her ready sympathy and interest is a powerful aid for his efforts for their mutual welfare. Thirdly, men should show their love for their wives in constant attentions, in their manner of treating them, and in the thousand and one trifling offices of affection which may be hardly noticeable, but which make all the difference between a life of sad and undefined longing, and cheery, happy existence. Above all, men should beware of treating their wives with rudeness and incivility, as if they were the only persons not entitled to their consideration and respect. They should think of their sensitive feelings and their need of sympathy, and 'never let the fire of love go out, or cease to show that the flame is burning with unabated fervor.'"

WOMANLINESS.

Once it was considered an essential of womanliness that a woman should be a good house-mistress, a judicious dispenser of the income, a careful guide to her servants, a clever manager generally.

Now practical housekeeping is a degradation, and the free soul which disdains the details of housekeeping yearns for the intellectual employment of an actuary, of a law clerk, of a banker's clerk; making pills is held to be a nobler employment than making puddings; while to distinguish between the merits of Egyptians and Mexicans, the Foreign Loan, or the Domestic, is considered a greater exercise of mind than to know fresh salmon from stale, and how to lay in household stores with judgment.

But the last is just as important as the first, and even more so; for the occasional pill, however valuable, is not so valuable as the daily pudding, and not all the accumulations made by lucky speculation are of any use if the house bag which holds them has a hold in it.

Once women thought it no ill compliment that they should be considered the depositaries of the highest moral sentiments.

If they were not held the wiser or the more logical of the two sections of the human race, they were held the more religious, the more angelic, the better taught of God, and the nearer to the way of grace.

Now they repudiate the assumption as an insult, and call that the sign of their humiliation which was once their distinguishing glory.

They don't want to be patient; self-sacrifice is only a euphemism for slavish submission to manly tyranny; the quiet peace of home is miserable monotony, and though they have not come to the length of renouncing the Christian virtues, theoretically their theory makes but a weak practice, and the womanliness integral to Christianity is by no means the rule of life of modern womanhood.

But the oddest part of the present odd state of things is the curious blindness of women to what is most beautiful in themselves.

And granting, even, that the world has turned so far upside down that the one sex does not care to please the other, still there is a good of itself in beauty, which some of our modern women seem to overlook. And of all kinds of beauty, that which is included in what we mean by womanliness is the greatest and the most beautiful.

A womanly woman has neither vanity nor hardness. She may be pretty—most likely she is—and she may know it, not being a fool, she cannot help seeing it when she looks at herself in the glass; but knowing the fact is not being conscious of the possession, and a pretty woman, if of the right ring, is not vain, though she prizes her beauty as she ought. And she is a little hard as vain.

Her soul is not given up to ribbons; but neither is she indifferent to externals, and to dress among them.

She knows that part of her natural mission is to please and be charming, and she knows that dress sets her off, and that men feel more enthusiastically towards her when she is looking fresh and pretty than when she is a dowdy and a fright; and, being womanly, she likes the admiration of men, and thinks their love a better thing than their indifference.

If she likes men, she loves children, and neither shunts them to the nursery siding, nor frets over her miseries when forced to have them about her.

She knows that she was designed by God and nature for a mother, sent into the world for that purpose mainly, and she knows that rational maternity means more than simply giving life, and then leaving it to others to preserve it.

She has no new-fangled notions about the animal character of motherhood or about the degrading character of housekeeping.

On the contrary, she thinks a populous and happy nursery one of the greatest blessings of her state, and she puts her pride in the perfect ordering, the exquisite arrangements, the comfort, thoughtfulness, and beauty of her house. She is not above her place as a woman, and she does not want to ape the manliness she can never possess.

To me there is something thrilling and exciting in the thought that we are drifting forward into a splendid mystery — into something that no mortal eye has yet seen, no intelligence has yet declared.

Scientific and Useful.

THE CANDLE.—A big run on the paraffine candle trade to-day. A hint for illuminating purposes: The best candle stick is an apple. Hollow it out near the stem to hold the candle, and slice it off flat for a base to set it on. These can be put on the window-sash and window-shelf without fear. If the wax melts and runs down the hollow in the apple catches it. The earth has no better candlestick than the sour apple.

METALIZED WOOD.—A process for giving a metallic surface to wood has lately been adopted in Germany. The wood is first of all treated in a bath of caustic alkali, after which it is submitted to a bath of hyposulphite of calcium to which sulphur has been added. Finally it is immersed in another bath of acetate of lead. The process takes some time for its development, for the wood remains in each of these baths for several hours. After it is dry, it is capable of receiving a very high polish, and has all the appearance of a brilliant metal.

TO TEACH CANARIES.—To teach canaries to speak, two things are necessary. First, the bird must be brought up by hand and taken from the old birds at twelve days old; next, he must never hear other birds sing until he has learned his tune. He should be played to frequently, throwing a handkerchief over his cage to keep him attentive, and should be played to at night. If this plan be followed, a bird hatched in May or June will have his tune almost perfect at Christmas; and if the same words are constantly repeated to him in a feminine voice, he very probably may learn to talk also.

FOR WASHING.—Kerosene for washing seems to be growing very popular. It is generally used thus: sufficient soap to make a rather strong suds is put in a few quarts of water. This is put on the stove in the wash-boiler till it dissolves. The boiler is then filled about two-thirds full of cold water, and two tablespoonfuls of kerosene added, but if it stands on top of the water add more soap. Put in the clothes which have been soaked over night in cold water, let them come to a boil slowly, pushing them about with a clothes stick, take out, rinse, blue, etc., and they are done unless some especially soiled ones receive an extra rub.

SHARPENING.—A dealer in cutlery expresses the opinion that not one man in fifty knows how to sharpen a pocket knife. "A razor," he says, "must be laid flat on the hone, being hollow ground and requiring a fine edge. But a pocket-knife requires a stiff edge, and the moment you lay it flat on a stone, so as to touch the polished side, you ruin the edge. The blade must be held at an angle of twenty or twenty-five degrees and have an edge similar to a chisel. This is technically called the 'cannel,' and is marked on all knives by a fine white line which does not remove or touch the polished surface. Knives improperly whetted are often condemned as too hard or too soft without reason."

Farm and Garden.

LINSEED OIL.—A coating of linseed oil, applied to the outbuildings, will prove of benefit. If colored in some manner it will nearly equal paint.

FERTILIZER.—Two parts dry earth, one part plaster and one part poultry manure is an excellent mixture for retaining the fertilizing qualities of the poultry manure. The mixture should be kept dry.

POTTED PLANTS.—When watering potted plants in winter do not pour the water in the crown of the plants, but simply moisten the earth in the pots. Too much moisture will do more injury than benefit.

SWAMPS.—A swamp that contains muck may be profitably cleaned, plowed, and used as a celery bed. It may require two or three years to get it in proper condition for the purpose, but once it has been cultivated it will be one of the best locations for celery that can be had.

YOUNG TREES.—Stake all the young trees to stop violent shaking by the wind. On light sandy soils fruit trees are often thrown over to one side by high winds when the ground is soaking wet. If held firmly in place by stakes the trees will be more shapely, as well as start growth earlier in the spring.

THE FARMER.—Farmers forget that 90 per cent. of our merchants fail in business; that the learned professions are overcrowded, and not a tenth of those entering their ranks ever attain wealth or eminence; and that in large business centres, mechanics and operatives, in times of commercial depression, are often on the verge of starvation.

SKILLED LABOR.—Men talk of skilled labor. A good farmer is a specimen of skill in labor. Every good farmer has served a large apprenticeship at his trade, and no man who did not so serve ever was a good farmer. It requires about three years to learn the "art and mystery" of a mechanical trade, but no man ever equipped himself in three years for successful farming.

CORN MEAL.—Corn meal in small quantities, linseed meal in small qantities, and a liberal quantity of good bran meal with the roughness, will make an admirable winter food for milch cows, and if given liberally, with good shelter, it is possible to secure a good flow of milk during the winter; provided, of course, that you have a good breed of cows, that this feed can be given during the winter.

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After Thoughts.

What a field of recollection, emotion and wonder lies open before us at these words! How the mind rushes back and takes stock in an instant of the years which have passed over us, be they few or many, and realizes to the full the depths of meaning which are contained in the two words "after thoughts."

"Second thoughts are best," we are told, and so, no doubt, they often are; but second thoughts are not after thoughts, in the sense in which the latter are mentioned here.

The former have, as a rule, to do with some decision, some resolution, which has to be made more than once probably in our lives; not, of course, with regard to exactly the same thing, but, more likely than not, about some nearly identical thing.

The stake at issue may not be so momentous as to affect permanently our well-being and happiness; but it is of importance enough for us to bestow upon it second thoughts; and possibly, had we not done so, but acted straightway upon our first impulse, we might have made a great mistake, and consequently regretted the "haste" which gave us cause to "repent at leisure."

For who among us can say, on looking back, that if the time could come again we should do precisely what we did do, and leave undone precisely what we did not do?

It may be indeed—though that is rare—that we can feel satisfied with the retrospect so far as matters of practical importance regarding ourselves are concerned.

We may have made no mistakes in business nor in things which are not exactly business. Our marriage may have been a wise one, and turned out well; our children may have been brought up and educated on a good system, and turned out well also.

We may, by dint of thought, good sense and perseverance, have arrived at a condition of ease, and perhaps luxury—a condition which we had in our mind's eye when we started many years ago to work, with small prospect of success to come from any outside help or influence, only trusting to our own power of brain and determination to get to the top of that particular tree whose branches towered high above us in those far-off days.

Second thoughts—or in other words, the habit of considering before acting—always had their proper place with us; we are not probably of that impulsive and emotional temperament which is so terribly apt to be governed by first impressions, whether of persons or things, and consequently is always inclined to go heart and soul into projects which look inviting, and seem good in every sense of the word, when perhaps they are in truth only "apples of Sodom," beautiful to the eye in form and color, but dust and ashes inside.

Into errors such as these we have never fallen; our head has kept clear and our judgment sound even in the greatest crises of our lives, and although this very clearness and soundness may have forced us to resist and refuse things which we were well inclined to accept, we know how wise we were, and that in the long run we did better for ourselves than did many others who took what seemed happiness to them, and cast second thoughts to the winds.

Sometimes after thoughts are reminders of stupid things we have done in our lives with regard to others, thinking all the time they were wise ones, and never seeing our mistake till long after.

Reproof administered which we had better have left alone; facts repeated to a friend for his or her good, when they need never have come to light, and our silence—"golden" indeed—would have saved a world of irremediable pain; blundering attempts at a reconciliation between two acquaintances which might have come about of itself in time had we not meddled in the matter; all these sort of ill-starred actions rise up before us in after thoughts till we are sad at the idea of what might have been on one side, and ashamed to contemplate our own fatuity on the other.

But there are sadder after thoughts than these—remembrances of people whom we could have helped, but that we were either lazy, or cowardly, or mean, or evil tempered, or unforgiving.

A hasty word, a cruel sneer, a moment of ungoverned fury, and mischief may be done which can never be atoned for—wounds dealt which can never be forgotten, although they may be forgiven, and a store of after thoughts laid up for ourselves, the bitterness of which is past expression.

How could you so forget yourself as to hurt that heart of gold? Why not have kept down the quick temper, the sharp retort, the unkind look even?

All that can be done now is to take heed never to do the same again to those who are still with you, loving and beloved, so that, should they "go home" first, your after thoughts may be free from self reproach, and be only peaceful and happy.

In the precept, to pray always, there is nothing of exaggeration, nothing commanded which may not be fulfilled, when we understand of prayer as the continual desire of the soul after God; having, indeed, its times of intensity, seasons of an intenser concentration of the spiritual life, but not being confined to those times; since the whole life of the faithful should be, in Origen's beautiful words, one great connected prayer; or, as St. Basil expresses it, prayer should be the salt, which is to salt everything besides.

Those persons who in deed and in truth do benefit the world by their labor, who here remove a weed and there plant a flower, are, and must be cheerful; and they must and will take happy views of life and its contingencies. As Christians, they see, and mourn, and admit its evils; but every moment spent in mere feeling, and every sigh and every tear that does not issue in exertion, they regard as wasted.

Let us try to be like the sunny member of the family, who has the inestimable care of making all duty seem pleasant, all self denial and exertion easy and desirable; even disappointment not so blank and crushing; who is like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere throughout the home without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches.

There is no virtue which is more pleasing than gratitude. To see that kindness is not thrown away, that some return, however small, is made by the recipient, renders us more ready to do a person a service another time; while ingratitude is one of the most frequent originators of hard-heartedness and selfishness.

Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn; that there is no end in nature, but every end is a beginning; that there is always another dawn risen on midnoon, and under every deep a lower deep opens.

I have heard men talking over the newspaper and railing at the tyranny of those in great power, and wondered how these, who are monarchs too in their way, govern their own dominions at home, where each man rules absolute. When the annals of each little reign are shown the Supreme Master, under whom we hold sovereignty, histories will be laid bare of household tyrants cruel as Amurath, as savage as Nero, and reckless and dissolute as Charles.

It is to labor, and to labor only, that man owes everything possessed of exchangeable value. Labor is the talisman that has raised him from the condition of the savage; that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities, and the ocean with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort and elegance, instead of want, misery and barbarism.

Delude not yourself with the notion that you may be untrue and uncertain in trifles and in important things the contrary. Trifles make up existence, and give the observer the measure by which to try us; and the fearful power of habit, after a time, suffers not the best will to ripen into action.

It has been wisely said, "That well may thy guardian angel suffer thee to lose thy locks, when thou darest wilfully to lay thy head in the lap of temptation!" Was it not easier for the hero of Judea to avoid the touch of the fair Philistine, than to elude her power when held in her arms?

The aim in educating all must be the same, namely, to render them virtuous and intelligent; but as the natural endowment of individuals is different, all persons are not capable of the same improvement, and every one can not be induced by the same motives to pursue the same end.

The lust of dominion innovates so imperceptibly that we become complete despots before our wanton abuse of power is perceived; the tyranny first exercised in the nursery is exhibited in various shapes and degrees in every stage of our existence.

Worldly ambition is founded on pride or envy, but emulation, or laudable ambition, is actually founded in humility; for it evidently implies that we have a low opinion of our present attainments, and think it necessary to be advanced.

Oaths are vulgar, senseless, offensive, impious; like obscene words, they leave a noisome trail upon the lips, and a stamp of odium upon the soul. They are inexcusable. They gratify no sense, while they outrage taste and dignity.

It may be proper for all to remember that they ought not to raise expectations which it is not in their power to satisfy; and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame than flame sinking into smoke.

The first condition of mental growth is that we keep our minds open to new impressions, and the longer we retain something of the child's susceptibility to new impressions, the longer shall we continue to grow.

A man ought to inquire and find out what he really and truly has an appetite for; what suits his constitution; and that, doctors tell him, is the very thing he ought to have in general. And so with books.

Depend upon it, religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will alone gentilise, if unmixed with cant; and I know nothing else that will alone.

Habit is like a rope to which we are constantly adding new threads and strands. It finally becomes so strong that it can not be broken, except by a thread or a strand at a time.

Do not believe that a book is good, if in reading it thou dost not become more contented with thy existence, if it does not rouse up in thee more generous feelings.

Nothing is really beautiful but truth.

The World's Happenings.

A South Brooklyn butcher does business under the name of Giblets.

A Waltham, Mass., man has whistled the centre of his moustache away.

An 8-year-old lad was convicted of burglary in Jersey City recently.

An Asheville, N. C., citizen broke his leg while pulling off a tight boot.

An English book, recently published, accuses American men of excessive shaving.

A Western dramatic critic recently said of a play that it was as lively as an old cheese.

A San Francisco woman who bought a pullet from a peddler found $10 worth of gold in its crop.

A teaspoonful of salt in each kerosene lamp makes the oil give a much clearer and better light.

The occupants of an Astoria, Oregon, hotel fish from their bed-room windows and haul in their supper from the surging water below.

A Maine genius has discovered that spruce sawdust is an excellent substitute for sand in making common mortar for plastering houses.

Several boys when arrested in New York the other day, were working industriously, as they afterwards explained in court, to create a haunted house scare.

A man at Laramie laughed at an Indian who slipped down on the street five years ago, and the other day the red man came around and stabbed him in the back as a reward.

A fine of two dollars imposed upon a Canadian schoolteacher for whipping a pupil was paid by the children in the neighborhood, who took up a collection for the purpose.

Under the laws of France a person reported dead by a legal official must remain dead, no matter how much he may come to life. If he wish to live he must take some other name.

The White House at Washington derives its name from the fact that the Virginia freestone, of which it is built, was painted white to conceal the discoloration caused by smoke and water.

A newspaper man in Liverpool secured the names of 432 sailors, and only two among them were named Jack. In all his talk with them he never heard them use a nautical expression.

The Persian Ambassador at Washington always sleeps with his hands resting in a pan of cold water. He got into this habit because he had been used to a warm climate and could cool his blood in this way.

A thief at St. Louis attends funerals, and while the ceremony is in progress secretes himself and awaits the departure of the procession. Then he emerges, bundles up the valuables and steals away.

William and Patrick Ward, brothers, died in Canton, Mass., on November 5—the former at 10.30 A. M., of consumption, and Patrick six hours later, of neuralgia of the heart. Both men worked for the one firm.

The eloquence of a clergyman at Coldwater, Mich., met with a sudden collapse the other Sunday, when, to emphasize a point, he brought his fist down heavily upon the pulpit and hit upon a needle some one had left there.

Two toothmarks left in an apple by a burglar—Chandler Jones—at Hazlehurst, Ga., led to his identification and arrest. One of the prints was left by an ingrowing tooth, and Jones was the only person in the neighborhood with such a tooth.

Among the "want" advertisements of a Boston paper recently appeared the following: "Wanted—A young married minister for a pastor in a small country village appointment; one willing to work hard for a small salary. Apply at once."

An envelope that cannot be opened and resealed without showing that it has been tampered with has been invented in England. The flap is cut so long that it laps over on the front side, and after being sealed the postage stamp is put over the end of the flap.

A hen flew on the cow catcher of a rapidly moving engine on the Maine Central Railroad and rode five miles, when it was discovered by the fireman. The chicken was between the tracks, and but for getting on the catcher would have undoubtedly been killed.

The Chinese are making such large demands upon soap that in time they may rank among the clean nations. The importation of foreign soap has increased 125 per cent. in 5 years, and 400 per cent. more is wanted now than was sought after 10 years ago.

Recently, near Chicago, a citizen's house caught fire, and his big Irish setter was burned to death in it, because it could not be persuaded that the three children of the family, its especial playmates, were safe. The dog thrice rushed into the burning building and searched for them.

Prussian statistics of insanity show that out of 100,000 of the population of each class there were mentally diseased among the married 95 men, 95 women; among the single 232 men, 202 women; among the widowed 221 men, 264 women; among the divorced 1071 men, 1030 women.

Mary Fitzgerald, who, it is said, has spent 40 years of her life in prison, was arrested in New York recently on the charge of pocket picking. It is believed she is the oldest professional sneak-lift in the country, her life of crime covering a period of 40 years. She began stealing when 11 years of age.

A Rutland, Vt., family, while eating dinner discovered a small tin box in the centre of the butter. It was opened and found to contain a "reminder to some unmarried Christian gentleman of his duty." The note was from "a girl, 18 years of age, good looking, and an excellent housekeeper."

Oscar Huffmann, a tinner, employed in an house at Cincinnati, fell through the hatchway, recently, a distance of 30 feet, and was instantly killed. Two hours later Adolph Nathan, another tinner, went in search of Huffmann, not knowing he was dead, and fell through the same hatchway and received fatal injuries.

ONLY YOU.

BY WM. W. LONG.

I live but to see you and hear you,
Spite of all the desolate years,
That trail down the lonely future,
Past the shrine of the Angel of Tears.

But whatever my life in the future,
Love will hold it always divine;
And Fate, though merciless and cruel,
Can never divide it from thine.

Oh, face of all faces the dearest,
Oh, soft, tender passionate eyes;
This weary, lone heart in my bosom,
Will yearn after you till it dies.

A Broken Sentence.

BY E. W. S.

"CHARLEY ROBERTSON is coming home next week," observed Mrs. Brown.

"You don't say so," exclaimed her mother, Mrs. Wilson. "Margaret, take care! You were just going to pour the milk instead of the hot water into the teapot. Is he coming home for good, then, Georgina?"

"Oh, no, only for a little holiday," replied Mrs. Brown. "He is getting on beautifully out there, you know, and has a large estate, and I don't know how many thousand sheep."

"What on earth does he want to come home for?" asked Mr. Wilson, with that inclination to disapprove of things in general which is one of the symptoms of suppressed gout.

"To see his family, I suppose, papa."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed Mr. Wilson; "he had far better stop out and attend to his business."

"How can you say so?" protested Mrs. Wilson warmly; "think of his poor mother. Why he has been away five years; five years this very month, I do believe."

"Georgina," said Mr. Wilson sharply, "that child of yours is trampling those geraniums to pieces."

"Dear me, so he is," said Georgina, looking up tranquilly from a little skirt she was embroidering. "Tommy! Tommy, darling! Margaret would you mind fetching him, please."

They were all sitting on the little lawn, surrounded by flower-beds and shut out from the dusty high road by walls clothed in ivy, and draped with roses, crimson, white and pink.

It was in the middle of June, and the sun was shining and the air was warm, and they were having tea out-of doors. They made thus a pleasant little family group.

Mrs. Wilson, who had been running about with her little grandson till she was flushed and exhausted, was now recovering her breath and her normal temperature in a big arm chair which she had wisely preferred to the more fragile garden seats.

Mr. Wilson, who had joined the circle under protest, looked comfortable though discontented in the even more luxurious seat which had been provided for him.

Georgina, the beauty, who always managed to look cool in the hottest weather, shone fresh and fair as the milk-white roses behind her, in her delicate light-colored gown.

Margaret stood in the centre of the group beside the wicker-work table, making tea for them all. She had not her sister's delicate features or wooing softness of expression. Still she was handsome in face as well as figure.

"If only Miss Wilson were not so thin in the face," people would say; "and had a little more color, she would be quite as pretty as her sister."

"Ah! but she would never have Mrs. Brown's winning ways," somebody present was then certain to remark.

"By the by, Margaret," said Georgina, as her sister moved to go in pursuit of Tommy, "he must not have any cake; there are currants in it. You had better take it away at once, before he sees it."

It was too late. Tommy, having become suddenly conscious of the tea-table, came tearing across the lawn just in time to observe and to intercept this manœuvre.

A debate ensued, conducted by Mrs. Brown, with alternate threats and caresses, and by Tommy with steady and stentorian crying, till at last a compromise was suggested by Margaret and accepted by both sides, whereby strawberry jam was to be substituted for cake.

Mr. Wilson dilated on the folly of producing either, as equally poisonous to old and young. Mrs. Wilson, who had from the first openly sided with her grandson, embraced him sympathetically and comforted him with lumps of sugar dipped in cream, whilst Margaret went up to fetch the jam, of Mrs. Wilson's own-making, from the store-cupboard.

"You will find it in the right-hand corner of the third shelf, just behind the sweet biscuits," cried Mrs. Wilson, and Margaret, departing, had answered yes, without hearing one word of the direction.

Her thoughts were away, hovering over a little scene, in which she had played a part exactly five years ago. She saw it very clearly, but as a thing apart from her, in that book of past impressions we carry in our brains.

Sometimes emotion so revives the hues of these pictures that they glow more vividly than the present and blot it from our minds.

So was it with Margaret now. Standing in the store-room, with her hand laid mechanically on the thing she sought, she looked straight before her, seeing nothing of the tin boxes, brown earthenware jars and puce-colored paper bags before her.

What she did see, and that with kindling interest, was a fine English park, the green of whose midsummer dress, was brightened with white tents, fluttering flags and crowds of pleasure-seekers in gala attire.

It was that lovely hour of a hot summer day when the sun declines a little, and his radiance lessens. A delicious freshness began to mingle with the hay-scented air.

The light grew richer, outlines softer and colors deeper, and over all things stole a glamor-like beauty which clear morning or dazzling noontide can never show.

Far away, in the largest tent, people were dancing to a band, and the sound of their voices and of the music, merry though it was, seemed to gather from the evening air through which it filtered, a tinge of the sweetness which is near akin to pathos.

A young man and woman were walking together, apart from the others, in the shelter of a phalanx of gigantic limes.

He was saying to her:

"I only heard of your sister's engagement to Dr. Brown to-day. I have just been congratulating—well, I mean offering her my best wishes. He is a lucky fellow—a very lucky fellow."

"Yes," said the girl, simply. "So many people have admired Georgina."

"True," returned the young man, pronouncing the word with a curiously unassenting intonation. "But I did not quite mean that he was lucky because he was going to marry your sister, though, of course, he is—awfully so; but it isn't every man of his age who can afford to marry, however much he may want to."

"I suppose it is an expensive luxury in these days."

"I don't think a man has any right to ask a woman to marry him unless he can offer her a really comfortable home," he remarked.

The girl answered nothing; and the young man went on announcing these abstract truths with great eagerness of manner.

"That I am quite sure of; nothing would induce me to do it. But I am not quite so certain whether it is fair or not to ask a woman to engage herself to a man when there is no chance of their being married for years, especially"—here his voice grew less steady—"when he must spend those years far away from her—at the other side of the world, in fact."

He stood still as he finished these words, and so did the girl, looking outwardly cool and composed, and inwardly anxious, lest the beating of her heart, which seemed to shake and strangle her, should be evident to her companion.

"What do you think, Margaret?"

He had never called her Margaret before, and the tone in which he now did so seemed to show her for the first time all that his love might be. She made answer at last, in a voice that to herself sounded unnatural and far away:

"If the woman loved him——" Then she paused for breath.

"Yes?" cried the man, drawing so near that she could not avoid for a moment the half-enraptured, half-timorous glance of his fine eyes.

"I think she would be very glad to wait for him. Don't you think we ought to go back to the marquee now?"

"Oh, Margaret, he said, seizing her trembling hands in his great strong clasp; "tell me, do you——"

"Margaret! Margaret!" cried suddenly, from behind, the agitated voice of Mrs. Wilson. "For goodness' sake, come and help me to find Georgina. Your papa is in such a way about keeping the horses. Whatever made him order the carriage so early, I can't think. Mr. Robertson, have you seen Georgina?"

It was impossible to think of anything else till Georgina was found, which she was at last, happy and tranquil as usual, emerging from the mansion with no less a person than the hero of the day himself, Mr. Frederick Elton; under whose distinguished guidance she had been seeing the picture gallery and other public apartments of Barton Manor.

Margaret hardly realized whether it was Charles Robertson's hand or another's that helped her to her place, and only as, after a wild plunge, they were fairly on their way, tearing down the avenue in what seemed a wonderful silence, did she fully realise the significance of all that had happened—and not happened.

It was an agreeable drive home. Mr. Wilson severely rebuked his errant daughter, and though the culprit herself was wholly unmoved by the attack, her mother imprudently undertook her defence.

By the time they reached home Mr. Wilson was in a fever heat, and they had supper with the dining-room windows thrown open to the mild starless night.

The white table, shining with lights and roses, looked like a little oasis in a great desert of darkness, but to Margaret it seemed as if she belonged to the darkness and was by some strange error included in the color and the light.

"It's been a heavenly day," cried Mrs. Wilson. "I don't know that I ever enjoyed anything more; but I felt for Mrs. Robertson, poor dear, when I saw her with her son, and he starting for Australia at four to-morrow morning."

"What of that?" cried Mr. Wilson, mistaking the point of her picture. "At his age, I should have thought nothing of getting up at three."

"He is a shocking flirt, that young Robertson," said Georgina. "How he was going on with Clara Harrison!"

"He was only dancing with her," remonstrated Doctor Brown; "and I don't think he danced with her more than with anyone else."

"It is not Clara Harrison he's thinking of," said Mrs Wilson, who rather prided herself on her discernment in such matters. "If he admires anyone, it is Laura Cole."

"Why, mamma! that fright!" said Georgina. "What makes you think so?"

"Never mind," said Mrs Wilson, with admirable discretion. "I have my reasons. Doctor Brown, help yourself to some more wine. Why, Margaret, you look like a ghost."

"I have a headache," said Margaret, faintly, rising to her feet. "I think I'll go to bed."

"Have some wine first," anxiously suggested her father, whose heart was as warm as his temper.

She escaped at last, struggling bravely against her tears, from their kindness and condolences, and shut her bedroom door behind her with a sense of immense relief.

All night long she repeated to herself the assurance that if he really wished to finish his question there was still time to do so. Towards dawn, youth mastered pain, and she fell into an uneasy slumber.

She was roused from it by the sound of wheels upon the road outside, the road that led to Leechurch and the station.

She sprang from the bed, and pushing aside her blind looked out into a cloudless morning, bathed in amber light and shimmering dew. The Robertson's dog-cart went whirling past.

She had only a passing glimpse of it, for her window was at right angles to the road, and the field of her vision narrowed by the house itself on one side and a group of elms on the other.

She was just able to see Charles Robertson, or rather to see that he was driving, with the old man-servant beside him, and then he was gone, in a flash.

The noise of the wheels died away in the distance. He had actually departed, then, and made no sign.

But perhaps he had left a message which might be delivered to her that day, or perhaps he would write one before he sailed, which would reach her on the morrow.

During these two long feverish days her hope sank gradually, and on the evening of the second it died.

"It was all a terrible mistake," thought Margaret. "The question was not what I thought it was. He was thinking not of me, but of someone else—Laura perhaps."

Then came a time of terrible aching pain, which seemed to drain the blood from her veins and the strength from her limbs. Nobody could imagine what was the matter.

Mr. Wilson prescribed tonics, and Mrs. Wilson crochet, as much less exhausting to the brain than the books Margaret was too fond of poring over.

Dr. Brown, with his kind eyes resting thoughtfully on his sister-in-law, advised change of air and scene, and no doubt in that counsel did her good service.

The sea-breeze and the sea sights refreshed and strengthened her for the struggle by which alone such a nature as hers attains repose. With one supreme effort she adjusted herself to this new and at first repellant view of life, as a work to be achieved rather than a pleasure to be enjoyed.

She was born just a little too soon, she lived in too old-fashioned and narrow-minded a circle to find consolation, and more than consolation in that working-world now so thronged with women.

She went back bravely to the dull life of her own home, which left unexercised so much within her, determined to fulfil faithfully such work as she could find there.

And before long, waiting on her parents and stitching for Georgina and her babies, she became not only resigned, but happy as a creature so healthful in mind and in body was bound to be.

Still in those rare moments when she paused to think of herself and her feelings, she was compelled to acknowledge that existence had never looked the same that it did just before Charles Robertson went away.

As she had instinctively divined it would be, no one ever took the place he once held in her heart. The question now was whether he himself could have resumed it if he would; so utterly had the old feeling for him vanished.

Laura Cole was married, and so was Clara Harrison, and no rumor of his engagement had ever reached them. Supposing it were possible that he should love her; was it possible she could love him in return?

This was the query she put to herself, standing as before described, amidst these prosaic surroundings of the storeroom.

She tried to conjure up Charley's face as it had looked that day five years ago; and the misty image moved her not a whit. She laid her hand, as it were, upon the old scar, and did not wince.

All that she felt for him, all that she had suffered, was not only over, but it was now inconceivable to her. Not merely had her love died, but, so at least she now decided, the power of loving had died with it.

But by this time Tommy's patience had been tried to its uttermost, and it was his cries which suddenly put all these dreams and questionings to flight.

When she came downstairs she found the whole family elated by a piece of news communicated by Dr. Brown, who had called to pick up his wife and son on his way home from paying a professional visit to Barton Manor.

"Only think, Margaret," cried Mrs. Wilson, "Mr. Elton is going to be married to Lady Clara Downes on the twenty-seventh, Wednesday fortnight, his twenty-sixth birthday; and there's to be such a to-do; just as there was five years ago when he came of age. You must have a new dress, and I think I shall have my orange and green stripe done up."

"We shall have to make a new suit for Tommy," said Georgina.

"Oh, we shan't take Tommy," said his father. "The day will be too long for him, and it will only make him abundantly cross."

"He might come home early with grandpapa," suggested Mrs. Brown.

"Come home early with grandpapa," repeated Mr. Wilson, contemptuously. "Grandpapa is more likely to be in his grave than anywhere else by the twenty-seventh."

"Don't talk in that light way about dying, cried Mrs. Wilson," reprovingly.

"What do you mean by light way?" shouted Mr. Wilson with excusable indignation.

"You must go, dear," interrupted Margaret. "You are the oldest tenant, you know. Sir Edwin would miss you!" Don't you remember the pretty speech he made about that the last time he was here?"

During the next two weeks Margaret observed, not for the first time in the last five years, that she was growing old, and in doing so, leaving others, even her elders behind.

She was led to this conclusion by the striking contrast between the excitement of her mother and sister over the approaching festival and her own complete indifference.

As she arrayed herself for it when the great day came, and she could not but contrast, half sadly, half wonderingly, her

present mood with that of a like morning five years ago.

Fortunately it was a radiant day. The entertainment was to begin with the arrival of the bride and bridegroom at half-past three, so the Wilsons lunched early, in order to start precisely at two, which would ensure their arriving only half-an-hour too soon. For, as Mrs. Wilson observed, they must drive to Leachurch first to fetch Georgina and Tommy.

"What folly," cried Mr. Wilson, who, as he had always predicted, was too ill to go; "seeing Brown has horses of his own."

"They are both so busy," said Mrs. Wilson. "Besides, his carriage isn't quite so well appointed as ours, Georgina says."

"Oh, indeed! And so ours is to do an extra three miles to suit Georgina's grand notions. Well you needn't go there and back, weighing down the poor beasts. The carriage can fetch Georgina."

"I don't think Georgina would like that," said Mrs. Wilson. "She will want someone to help her control Tommy. The dear child is so wild with delight when he goes out driving that he can't keep still an instant."

"If he scratches the paint, mind, he shan't go out again in it," cried Mr. Wilson.

However, when they reached the Browns' little house at Leachurch, they found the day's programme materially altered. Georgina appeared upon the doorstep, looking very lovely and a trifle disquieted, in a new and elegant gown.

"Do you know," she exclaimed, "I am afraid I shall not be able to go!"

"Not go?"

"No. Tommy is not very well. He has a little breaking-out on his face. It's nothing serious, but it makes him look such a fright, I couldn't possibly take him. But he is so disappointed and fretful, I hardly like leaving him with Anne, who can never manage him."

"I'll stay with him," said Margaret, descending from the carriage. "I should like to; I don't care a bit about the fete."

"Well, perhaps that would be the best way," said Georgina pleasantly. "You don't care for that kind of thing, I know, and it really would be a pity not to wear my new dress after getting it on purpose."

Mrs. Wilson was so concerned about her grandson, and so disappointed at his not being of the party, that it was not till she and Georgina were well on their way that it occurred to her that Margaret's gown would now have been procured in vain.

Margaret herself remained unconscious of this detail. She tied one of Georgina's aprons over her lace-bedizened skirt, and prepared readily and cheerfully to play the part of nursemaid.

She had, indeed, little less than a genius for the management of children, made up, as genius mostly is, of equal parts of capacity and love.

The society of children was at all times exhilarating to her, even when they were what other people called disagreeable. When they were at their best she enjoyed something like beatitude in their company.

This devotion did not, however, express itself in servile adulation, but in a sweetness of manner preserved from mawkishness by a due admixture of firmness and even, at times, indifference.

As now, for instance, when Tommy was raging and rolling on the floor, and Margaret, feigning perfect forgetfulness of his presence, took the younger and more amiable Sissy in her lap, and described to her a delightful substitute for the unattainable gaieties at Barton Manor. They would all three have tea in the garden.

Even Tommy's emotion was soothed by this dazzling prospect, and he had soon forgotten his regrets in all the bustle of the preparation. For not the least advantage of this brilliant conception, or rather of its execution, was the amount of labor it involved.

All the materials for the feast had, of course, to be conveyed from the house to the garden, and, as the children were not allowed to carry more than one article of food or of china at once, the process occupied a considerable time, and might indeed have lasted till sundown, if Tommy's perseverance had not earlier given way and Margaret been impelled to come to the aid of the weary but unrelaxing Sissy. But by five o'clock the banquet was in readiness, and the tea party took their places.

It was an entirely delightful repast. The children's faces beamed with rapture, and Margaret herself, drinking her tea with a parasol in one hand, and waving her handkerchief every now and then to disperse a cloud of gnats, enjoyed a reflected glow of pleasure.

Aunt Margaret beamed upon the children and fell into a kind of dream.

There was indeed something dreamy in the hour, glowing with afternoon heat, and drowsy with the hum of insects near and far.

No boundry of house or wall was visible; only a tall barrier of larkspurs kindling into satin fire flame when the light touched them, and screen upon screen of pale green apples, leaves enwrought with a delicate mosaic of dazzling light and clear-cut shadow.

It was no commonplace garden in too familiar Leachurch, but a maze of living green and gold interwoven—fit background for the bright child faces beside her.

To Margaret it seemed then as if life might pass pleasantly enough if time and the sun would now stand still. She was happier with the children than with any other of her kin.

Kind and beloved as they were, they were separated from her by a barrier which no one's sympathy had ever crossed—save that of one; years ago.

So long as the children were children, it was well enough; but what would it be when they grew up and left her?

Her future seemed suddenly to stretch before her: a dreary, dusty highway, through a flat and leafless land, and her heart shrank within her at the prospect.

Then a little warm finger touched her hand. Sissy, even then inspired by the fine tact which in after years so quickly detected, so skilfully healed, heart-achings, had dimly perceived that Aunt Margaret seemed to be crying without tears, and instantly longed to comfort her. She had slipped unperceived from her chair and gathered a little bouquet of daisies with the shortest possible stalks, which she now presented to her aunt, in a crumpled little bunch, with the most winsome smile and a look half inquiring, half appealing from her loving brown eyes.

Margaret caught the child to her heart in a burst not only of gratitude and affection, but of relief.

We are all of us at times involuntarily superstitious, and a curious and unreasonable presentiment of happiness flashed over Margaret, as if the fresh flowers offered to her just at that special moment by the sacred hand of a little child were an encouraging token from destiny herself.

Anne came tearing down the garden walk in such a hurry that her cap stood straight on end.

"The carriage has come back for you, Miss Margaret," she cried excitedly. "With this note."

It was a half-sheet of note-paper, on which was a scrawl in pencil.

"Dear Margaret,—Do come here to Barton at once. Papa is wild at your not being here. Never mind Tommy.

"Your affectionate sister, Georgina."

Margaret was in the carriage and off before the children had quite mastered the full import of this interruption, and when she looked back to kiss her hand to them she saw through the window Tommy's face purple and distorted with angry grief, beside Sissy's smiling and benignant little countenance.

The horses though less fleet than of old, went briskly over the two miles between Leachurch and Barton.

The village was all bedecked with flags and garlands, and a gorgeous triumphal arch inlaid with good wishes, inscribed in shining letters, spanned the entrance to the park.

Then Margaret descended and moved across the sward, searching with her eyes on all sides for her people.

At last she beheld Mr. Wilson and Georgina, with a group of which Lady Clara herself was the centre. Mrs. Wilson detached herself for a moment from this galaxy to address her daughter.

"Oh, Margaret, my dear, I am thankful to see you. Your papa has been in such a way about your being left behind, I can't tell you; regularly raging at Georgina, and saying you were always put upon."

"But I thought papa was too ill to come?"

"And so did everybody else," cried Mrs. Wilson indignantly. "Really he would try a saint. It makes one look such a fool. There was I telling Sir Edwin and everybody that he was in bed, so bad with the gout he could hardly move, and there he is walking about as well as anyone; come over in Mr. Saito's dog cart. There, I mustn't wait. You'd better go and find him, Margaret. He is up near the dancing tent. I can't wait now, Lady Clara is going to show us her jewelry."

Margaret went slowly and pensively onward over the sun-browned turf, and passed group after group of venerable trees.

All about were the same flags, and tents, and gay crowds that there had been five years ago. The same music or something strangely like it filled the air. There was the same glow in the west. The same haze of mingled light and color over everything.

So striking was the likeness that Margaret felt as if she had resumed an unfinished dream.

Only one thing was changed, and that was herself; so much so that she felt like a ghost who vainly haunted the places where once she had been alive and happy.

"What a handsome girl," somebody carelessly observed to a tall, broad-shouldered sunburnt man, who stood beside him. "Do you know who she is, Robertson?"

But the man addressed, instead of answering, suddenly left the side of the questioner and went striding after the woman of whom he spoke.

He intended to address her quietly and ceremoniously, with a due observance of conventional decorum, but when she, hearing his quick steps behind her, turned suddenly upon her the face that all these interminable years he had been hungering to see again, his usual reserve gave way before a burst of uncontrollable feeling.

"Where have you been?" he cried, catching her hands in his with a vehemence of manner that might be mistaken for anger. "I only arrived last night, or I should have been over to see you. I made sure I should see you here. I came early on purpose. I have been waiting and looking and hoping for you the whole—all these five years."

Margaret made no answer. She stood perfectly still and became deadly white, with her dark eyes riveted so strangely on him, that a horrible suspicion came over him that he had startled her brutally, and that she was about to faint in consequence.

"Oh, Margaret," he exclaimed, in a voice of the humblest penitence, "I beg your pardon. I have frightened you. You are ill."

Even then she could not speak, but she did not withdraw her hands.

"No," she said at last, in a very low voice, smiling feebly as the color crept slowly back to her cheeks and lips; "I am not ill; I am only——"

She paused, and that sentence, indeed, was never finished, then or after. To her dying day Margaret was never able to explain satisfactorily to herself, far less to anyone else, the transformation she seemed then to undergo. Whom shall we know, if not ourselves? Two minutes before she would have sworn, and believed, that Charles Robertson was nothing to her but a friend, like other friends, and that the love she once had borne him had vanished as irrevocably as the five years since last they met. And, behold, at the first sound of his voice and the first sight of his face, she and everything else had changed.

It was just the same as of old. There was no one like him. In his lightest look and gesture there was a charm which she could not define or explain; which she could only feel; half wondering at her own subjection to the exquisite fascination.

Love him! It seemed to her that she loved him far, far more than she had ever done, with a love deeper, more passionate, more humble and unselfish. She had desired to be his wife; now it seemed to her that merely to bask in his presence was bliss of which she was all unworthy.

Little could poor Charles, trembling between hope and fear, divine of all this from her white face, her quivering lips, her—to him—alarming silence. Yet something of her feelings was translated in the almost beatified look which at last stole over her rapt face, and he, taking courage, began:

"Margaret, do you remember our conversation this day five years ago, when we talked about marriage and engagements, and I asked you if you thought it fair in a man to ask a woman to engage herself to him for a long time? Do you remember what you said: that if a woman loved a man she would be content to wait? These were your very words. I've repeated them over to myself a thousand times since. You said them so coldly, I have never been able to make out, thinking of them all these years, how much or how little you meant by them. And then, Margaret, do you remember I asked you the question I was never allowed to finish? I said, Margaret, tell me——"

"Margaret! Margaret!" Mr. Wilson's voice was heard calling from the tent.

"No, you shall not move till you have heard and answered this question. Tell me, do you love me; will you be my wife?"

And Margaret, then and there, gave herself into his keeping for ever. And, alone as they were and under the sheltering trees, he folded her to him in a passionate embrace, and sealed the compact with his first kiss.

"Proscribed."

BY OLIVE BELL.

THE AIR was heavily sweet with June fragrance, and the green fields around the Maybrook farm-house, were bathed in the golden light of the setting sun.

Birds carolled blithely in the tall elms, the crickets chirped cheerily in the cool grass, and Janet Strong with a soft rich glow in her round cheeks, stood under a drooping larch, and watched Hugh Mercer, as he came up the shady lane at a swinging pace.

"Janet," he said, with an eager look in his clear blue eyes, "I am glad to meet you out here among the trees. I always feel as if I were imprisoned, when I stay indoors, an evening like this."

He threw himself on the grass, with a sigh of intense gratification, and Janet, with a backward glance at the deserted porches of the farm-house, seated herself a short distance away from him.

The skirts of her blue muslin dress almost touched his elbow, and Hugh, with a hot flush creeping into his cheeks, laid his hand caressingly on the soft drapery.

Janet looked down at him shyly, for they had talked together, read together, and were on terms of true ashlp, bordering on the boundaries of love, but somehow the margin line had never been passed. If Hugh Mercer's eyes were a true index of his heart, he loved her; for the passionate fire in their blue depths, often set her pulses to leaping wildly. For Janet was capable of great depths of feeling, and with her whole heart she loved Hugh Mercer. If her love was returned, Hugh had never put it into words, and Janet's violet eyes filled with unshed tears, as she gazed down at the handsome blonde head. For a week hence, he was to sail for Europe.

"Janet," he suddenly exclaimed, fixing his wistful eyes on the girl's drooping face, "how happy we would be, if this quiet, peaceful, life could go on forever."

Janet made no answer. In fact, she could not, without betraying her feelings.

So she looked away from him, although his magnetic blue eyes seemed drawing her closer to him, and watched the sun go down behind the shoulder of a distant mountain; watched the golden light, change into bright amber, and then, as if impelled by some hidden power, turned her violet eyes on the face of the man she loved.

Hugh Mercer met her glance with one as ardent as her own. A flush crept slowly up to the waves of golden-brown hair that curled away from Janet's white brow in shining rings. Why did he not speak?

They had known each other many years, been summer boarders at the Maybrook farm-house for three delightful summers, they were both wealthy, refined, and of congenial tastes, yet something seemed to freeze the words of love on Hugh Mercer's lips, and Janet's heart was sore with suppressed tenderness.

Ah! why did he not speak? Janet sighed wearily, and rose to her feet trying to look calm and indifferent.

"The weather is delightful," she said in a low steady voice. "But the air is growing damp and I must be going in. June dew is delicious, but bad for tender throats."

She drew a fleecy white zephyr scarf around her shoulders, and Hugh Mercer bounded to his feet, and looked earnestly into the lovely dimpled pink-and-white face.

"You don't look delicate, Janet."

"But I am." Said Janet sadly, vaguely thinking this confession would account for the mist in her eyes. "We are strong by name but not by nature, and all die young. How long will you be away Hugh?"

"Three years." He was close beside her, and Janet almost shivered, at the fierceness of his gaze.

"Ah! I hope I will be here to welcome you when you come back."

"I hope so," said Hugh, taking one of her white trembling hands in his.

"I leave Maybrook on the early morning train, Janet. Will you kiss me goodbye?"

Janet forgot her maiden shyness, and held up her red lips for the man's eager kiss.

"O, my love, my love!" he moans under his breath, and straining her to him, he rained hot kisses on her face, and then rushed away into the deep gloom of the woodland, to sob out his bitter anguish in solitude.

His nature was strong and tender, and his heart had been sorely tried. For a loveless wife had lain on his bosom, for two unhappy years, then left him for a more favored suitor.

His marriage had been a secret, but when he met and loved Janet Strong, he meant to tell her his sad story, but could never find strength, or courage.

He loved her as all good honest men love the women who rouse, and touch the tender chords of their better nature, and daily deplored the bonds that held him from her.

He fought out his battle under the June skies, with the trees sighing as if in sympathy overhead, and looked his future in the face. It was not a bright one, for unless God saw fit to release him from his bonds, he could not take Janet Strong to his heart; if not, he would live out his life in loneliness.

He seemed years older as he walked back to the quiet farm-house. All was silence and darkness around it, save where a light burned in the window of the room he knew belonged to Janet.

"O Janet, Janet," he cried clasping his hands together, as he gazed up at the window, "God help you, if your pain is as keen as mine. Ah! why am I a proscribed man—condemned to a life of loneliness and sorrow by a woman."

When Janet Strong entered the breakfast-room the following morning, there were blue circles under the violet eyes, and the lovely face was a shade paler.

Hugh Mercer's absence was a relief to her; for she had loved him so well, that to sit in his presence, after suffering him to kiss her lips, would have been keenest pain.

If he loved her, why did he not tell her so? True, he had given her eye worship in plenty, but his tender glances had never been ratified by words.

Her pride was touched, and Janet's heart felt very hard and bitter in its resentment against the man, and she looked over every trifling act in her intercourse with Hugh.

He was trifling with her, she thought, and this alone deadened the regret his absence would have caused her.

All that summer Janet drooped and the bloom died out of her cheeks. But the winter with its bracing winds, seemed to freshen her up, and the gaieties of a fashionable life, banished many distracting thoughts from her mind.

She seldom thought of Hugh now, except with a feeling of contempt, never dreaming that he was thinking of her day and night, and looking forward to a meeting with her as one of the greatest blessings God could give him.

* * * * * *

"What a beautiful girl," said Judge Tracy, as he, and a bachelor companion, stood in a curtained alcove of Mrs. Lawson's perfumed rooms, and watched the elegant throng of people and the light of the gilded chandeliers.

"What lady do you mean, Tracy?"

"That one with the golden hair, and violet eyes, talking to the hostess. What a face she had all love and sweetness."

"Tut, tut, man. That's Janet Strong. She is as proud as a young queen, and as cold as an iceberg," said Tracy's companion in a tone of contempt.

"I cannot think so. That face bears the impress of deep thought. She has known sorrow of some kind, and conquered it," said Judge Tracy, following the graceful figure, clad in flowing lace robes, looped up here and there, with purple pansies, with eager eyes. "I should like to win such a woman."

"Come; I'll introduce you," said Duke Gordon, "I believe you are struck at last."

A few minutes later, Janet and Judge Tracy were talking as if mutually attracted to each other.

Janet's heart was captivated by the grave

gentleness in the Judge's manner, and before the season was over it was rumored that they were engaged.

But it was not until they went down to Maybrook for the summer that the Judge actually proposed. They stood under the very elms, where months before, Janet had looked into Hugh Mercer's blue eyes, and dreamed that she had found her all of heaven there.

Now a pair of dark brown eyes scanned her face lovingly, and a pair of manly lips kissed her white forehead.

'Janet, I love you. Will you be my wife?" pleaded Judge Tracy, fondly stroking the golden hair.

"I will," said Janet, a sudden faintness creeping over her, for she thought how willingly she would have given the same answer to another, one year before. But her heart was Judge Tracy's now, she thought, as she put the regret for her old love aside, and laid her face on her lover's breast.

How long she lingered under the elms, Janet never knew, but when, at her own request, Judge Tracy left her alone, the twilight was growing purple in the hollows, and the tall figure coming up the green lane looked dim and shadowy in the distance.

"Janet, my love, at last!" said the voice of Hugh Mercer, as he stood before the woman he had idolized.

Janet threw up her hands, with a white, scared face.

"Hugh!"

"Yes, it's Hugh, come back to claim you." he cries huskily, as he clasped her to him, and rained hot eager kisses on her face. Janet struggled out of his arms.

"Don't!" she said in a bitter voice. "You are too late. I am Judge Tracey's affianced wife."

"And I loved you so!" he moaned gazing at her downcast face, with troubled eyes.

"I loved you as well, but your silence killed it."

"I had no right to speak, Janet, I married secretly, and my wife deserted me. Last month, I watched them lay her remains away in a quiet churchyard in Normandy. O, Janet, I had never for one moment ceased to love you, and hastened home as soon as I was free."

"I am sorry." Said Janet, in a slow even voice, for her pride had conquered, "but I love Judge Tracy too well to break my word with him."

With a slight bow, she turned, and left him. He watched her out of sight—the despair on his fine face pitiful to see—then threw himself face downward, on the cool lush grass, murmuring the one word "proscribed."

When he met Mrs. Judge Tracy in society, he fancied the violet eyes, saddened, as they met his. But if her marriage was a mistake, only God and herself knew.

An Unlucky Letter.

BY R. W. P.

"OF all the things in this world I hate a flirt!" I ejaculated, almost savagely, prodding the bright coal-fire before which I sat. "Marry one! Not for thousands. There is not one but is heartless and selfish. They can assume the greatest sincerity simply to cause the greater pain. And yet, only forty-eight hours ago, I would have staked my life that Cecile Mayfield was not one of these. So much for man's discernment and woman's deceit. Poor old Frank!"

Turowing down the poker, I leaned back in my chair and mutely anathematized Cecile Mayfield.

Captain Frank Burnley, was the oldest and dearest friend I had. We spent much of our time together, and I don't think one had a secret from the other. Thus, he had soon confided to me his love for Cecile Mayfield, and his perfect assurance that his affection was reciprocated.

"Talk of true love never running smooth, my dear Arnold," he said one day in the consulting-room, for I followed the practice of medicine, "that's all rot, or my case is the exception that proves the rule." right-down asked her yet."

"But, old fellow," I put in, "you have not

"No, I would not until I received my captaincy. Now I have, be sure I shall not let the grass grow beneath my feet. Wait until you see her."

"I shall soon have that pleasure. She is to be at the Marsdens', is she not?"

"Yes. Unfortunately I shall only be able to remain a few days, having to go to the Curragh; but they shall suffice for my purpose." And he hummed a few bars of the Wedding March.

The Marsdens were mutual friends; and Frank being at my house on a visit, into which I had crowded no end of amusements, we had been invited together to Holmecroft, the Marsdens' country house, at that time full of guests, among whom was Cecile Mayfield.

We arrived in due course, and I was introduced to the young lady, a tall, beautiful girl, bright, impulsive, with clear, honest gray eyes.

"By Jove!" I commented, "Frank is a lucky fellow. It's all sterling merit here," I added, before the evening was over, my eyes convincing me that the assertion that Cecile returned his affection was correct—that his love promised to run smooth indeed!

On the second day, however, after our arrival, he entered my room, flushed and angry.

"What's the matter?" I queried.

"Matter? Matter enough!" he ejaculated, flinging himself into a chair, his hands thrust into the pockets of his velveteen coat. "As I was about to propose to Cecile in the Rose Alley just now, and I felt her answer was hovering on her lip, that young looby, Sir Archie Rees, comes blundering upon us, and refused to be got rid of. The conceited idiot! He might have seen he was not wanted."

"My dear fellow," I said, laughing, "I did not know love was so blind that it could see a rival? Why, Sir Archie knew perfectly well what he was about. He came to spoil sport. He is almost as much in love with Miss Mayfield as yourself."

"I think you are right," smiled Frank, triumphantly. "Well, I don't fear him."

But before the day was over a change came over the scene. There was a great alteration in Cecile. She began to flirt abominably, and openly so, with Sir Archie Rees, a wealthy noodle, while her manner to Frank was carelessly indifferent. I saw his expression of surprise turn to pain, then anger.

"Arnold, what can it mean?" he whispered.

"A woman's whim, perhaps," I rejoined, "without you have offended her."

"That I have not, I assure you!" he exclaimed. "There must be some reason," and he glanced wistfully across the room to where Cecile was chatting and laughing gaily with the young baronet.

I could see but one explanation. At heart Cecile was a coquette; she had lured poor Frank on to almost the avowal of his passion, and now desired to fling him aside for another. Perhaps she was ambitious to be my lady.

"I'll have it out to-morrow," ejaculated my poor friend through his teeth. "I'll learn the truth. If she could but guess how sincere is my love she would never so play with it."

That evening was one of the most wretched I ever spent. Cecile did not avoid Frank, but the tone of her voice, the steady glance of her clear eyes at him, were worse. Sir Archie was in the seventh heaven of delight.

"I'll know the truth to-morrow," were Frank's last words, as we separated for the night.

I was anxious for the morrow to come, as I knew he would keep his word.

Perhaps, however, Cecile divined his purpose, and tried to prevent it, for he found it difficult to seize an opportunity. But as I was dressing for dinner Frank entered. He was as pale as death, his lips set.

"I've come to say good-bye, old boy," he remarked. "I'm going away now, instead of to-morrow morning."

"Why?" I interrogated, in surprise. "Then you have seen Miss Mayfield? you have spoken to her?"

"Yes; I have proposed and been rejected," he replied, his tones bitter, his eyes haggard.

"Rejected! What reason did she assign? Did she give any?" I inquired, in a low tone, after a pause.

"She refused to give one; that is she gave me to understand that there was none, but that she felt we could not be happy together. She owned that she had, until recently, thought it possible, but that she had been mistaken and was now undeceived. She was very sorry; nevertheless, it was best that all should be considered over between us. It was not only the words," proceeded poor Frank, manfully striving to keep his voice steady, "but the cold, distant way in which she spoke them."

Warmly I pressed his hand. My heart was too overflowing with sympathy for many words.

"Arnold," he whispered, in accents I shall never forget, "she has broken my heart!"

He went quickly from the room, but his white face seemed yet before me; it was as if struck by death.

The pallid, haggard countenance haunted me. It seemed to look out of the dressing-glass, instead of the reflection of my own. It was present at the dinner table, coming ever between mine and that of Cecile Mayfield's.

How handsome she was that evening, how gay, how brilliant! How triumphant and self-sufficient was Sir Archie! How I hated him—how I hated her!

I took these two hates and my friend's pale face to my room with me, and pondered over them before the fire until I fell asleep.

I was aroused by a light tap at my door; shaking off my drowsiness, I opened it, and found Mrs. Mayfield's maid.

Her mistress's compliments and apologies, but seeing by the light under my door I was not yet in bed, could I kindly see Miss Cecile, who had been taken suddenly ill?

"Conscience! Serve her right!" I thought; but said aloud that I would come at once.

I found her lying on a couch in a dead faint, which I learned had followed a violent fit of hysteria.

The anxious mother, finding all her own remedies to bring her to fail, had sent to me. It was nearly twenty minutes before even I succeeded.

As she became aware of my presence fear for a second seemed to show in her eyes, swiftly followed by cold Amateur. Having no wish to be amiable to a girl I despised, I withdrew, leaving some instructions.

What had caused Cecile indisposition I did not trouble myself to think. If it were her heartless treatment of poor Frank I was glad of it.

Next morning, of necessity I had to see her. I found her alone. Her manner was cold, yet scarcely more cold and distant than mine.

"I am better, thanks," she said. "My indisposition was but trivial."

"I expected so," I answered, rising. "I will take your word for it, Miss Mayfield; I am glad you can dispense with my services."

I saw she was hurt by my behavior; I fancied her lip trembled.

"That means," she remarked, with a half-sneer, "for your own sake, Dr. Lincott, not mine."

"Exactly," I rejoined, distantly. "Those who are incapable of sympathy can scarcely expect it from others."

She flushed angrily, then tears seemed to spring to her eyes.

"You do not understand—you cruelly misjudge me!" she said haughtily.

"I understand," I replied, resolved to speak, "that for your amusement you have broken the heart of my dearest friend—one of the best of men."

"Broken his heart!" she exclaimed. Her lip curled. "Captain Burnley never gave me the chance!"

"He loved you," I cried. "You dare not deny it!"

"I do deny it," she answered calmly. "He said so, I know; but he deceived me—or, if not, he was deceiving another, which to me made his affection worthless."

"Good gracious! what cruel mistake is this?" I ejaculated.

"It is no mistake," she replied, after a pause of reflection. "Dr. Lincott, I will tell you all—you shall own how little worthy Captain Burnley was of an honest woman's love."

I stood bewildered, as she took from her pocket a crumpled letter and handed it to me, saying:

"This fell from Captain Burnley's pocket yesterday in the Rose Alley, I had read its contents before I was aware who was its owner. Read."

I obeyed. It began:

"My own, own, dear darling Frank.

[Then followed a florid, fervent love letter, ending with these words:]

"Your own, own little Wife that is to be, "CARRIE."

Cecile was watching me with proud, flashing eyes; they flashed more when I burst into laughter.

I checked myself instantly, and exclaimed quickly:

"Wait here, Miss Mayfield; I will soon be back."

Going from the room, I returned with one of a new edition of plays. Presenting it to her open, I said:

"Dear Miss Mayfield, pray read that."

It was the printed fac-simile of the love letter she had found. Half frightened, half conscious, she asked:

"Dr Lincott, what does it mean?"

"That while at my house Captain Burnley took the part of Frank Heppenshaw in some private theatricals, in which he had to read this letter. To save the trouble of committing it to memory, my sister copied it out for him. In the comedy he wore his velveteen coat, and this unfortunate epistle must have remained forgotten in one of the pockets."

Oh! the agony in her face! I pitied her. Covering it, she sobbed convulsively:

"What have I done!—oh! what have I done?"

"Nothing," said I eagerly, "but what may be remedied, Miss Mayfield, if I may tell Frank all!"

"Will you?" she cried gratefully, lifting her sweet face bathed in tears. "Will you, dear Dr. Lincott, for his sake—and mine?"

That same day I started for Holyhead.

Captain Frank and Cecile are man and wife now. Both possess an aversion to private theatricals. But what I say is that when a gentleman, really in love, has to take a part wherein he reads an amorous effusion from a fictitious inamorata either let him commit it to memory, or carefully destroy it after, for fear of painful misconstruction.

THE HANDKERCHIEF.—Until the reign of the Empress Josephine a handkerchief was thought in France so shocking an object that a lady would never have dared to use it before any one. The word even was carefully avoided in refined conversation.

An actor who would have used a handkerchief on the stage, even in the most tearful moments of the play, would have been unmercifully hissed; and it was not until the beginning of the present century that a celebrated actress, Mlle. Duchesnois, dared to appear on the stage with a handkerchief in her hand.

Having to speak of this handkerchief in the course of the speech, she never could summon courage enough to call it by its true name, but referred to it as a light cloud.

A few years later a translation of one of Shakespeare's plays having been acted the word handkerchief was used for the first time on the stage amid cries of indignation from every part of the house.

I doubt, says a writer, if even to-day, French elegantes would carry handkerchiefs if the wife of Napoleon I. had not given the signal for adopting them.

The Empress Josephine, although really lovely, had bad teeth. To conceal them she was in the habit of carrying small handkerchiefs, adorned with costly laces, which she constantly raised gracefully to her lips.

Of course, all the ladies of the court followed her example, and handkerchiefs have rapidly become an important article of the feminine toilet.

TRUTH is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or supply the want of it.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The elephants in Central Park, New York, are occasionally used to shift heavy articles. One day a frame building was to be removed to another part of the grounds. It was a small two-story structure filled with grain and implements, weighing about 12 tons. With some difficulty the workmen raised the huge mass on rollers. The elephant Jennie was then brought up to push. She would place her great head against the structure and brace herself, then the building would strain and creak and move on as rapidly as the rollers could be placed in position. Jennie and her keeper would follow it up and she would bend her head to give it another push when the foreman shouted "Ready!"

A correspondent offers a curious theory for the increasing prevalence of floods and rain storms. He says that there are over 30 000 locomotives in use in North America, and estimates that from them alone over 53 000 000 000 cubic yards of vapor are sent into the atmosphere every week, to be returned in the form of rain or over 7 000 000 000 cubic yards a day—"quite enough," he says, "to produce a good rainfall every 24 hours. Estimating a number of other non condensing engines in use as eight times the number of locomotives, the total vapor tons sent into the air in this country every week amounts to 470,000 000,000 cubic yards. "Is this not," he asks, "sufficient for the floods of terror? Is there any reason to wonder why our storms are so damaging?"

The horse is unknown in tropical Africa, and a traveller who recently went on horseback from Ladana, on the coast, to Boma, on the Congo, excited universal wonder. At first the people were nearly dazed by the sight of the horse, and were afraid of the animal, but when convinced that he was harmless ventured near. They had no eyes for anything but the horse. As the party passed through the villages many of the people followed. The men turned back after a mile or so, but many of the women, who showed the greatest interest and curiosity, followed for three miles. They kept pointing the animal out to the babies that were fastened on their backs. From some of the villages deputations came asking them to stop a while in their towns, that they might have time to admire the "curio."

Training up housewives shows that something more than the teachings in schools is necessary before our daughters are fitted to become good wives and mothers, and that the training really necessary is that of household management, the teaching in all its details of such homely things as washing, starching, ironing, cooking, cleaning, etc. Girls may be taught these matters even when quite tiny, and the woman who knows how a thing ought to be done, even if she should not require to do it herself in after life, will be able better to direct and see that her servants do it properly. And mothers when teaching their children to work, should be very particular in seeing that the little tasks are performed neatly, and that it is far better for them to do one thing well than ten times the amount in a careless fashion.

A lightning calculator amazed a St. Louis merchant by his wonderful work. He offered to teach "addition" to the merchant and then asked for the cashbook to demonstrate his ability. The book was brought forward to him. The merchant thus speaks of what followed: The fellow turned to a full page already footed up. Placing his hand over the total without looking at it, he pointed at the top item, and before I could have added three figures together he had slid his finger to the bottom and announced the result. The very first footing was over $18,000, and he announced it in about three seconds after he had the total. It took my bookkeeper ten minutes to reach the same result, for it was a long column of seven figures including cents. I tried to fool him by hiding the totals myself, but it made no difference, for he ran the column down at a single gesture, and then picked up a pencil and wrote the result more rapidly than I tell about it. Who the fellow was or where he came from I don't know."

The railroads of the world are to-day worth from twenty-five to thirty thousand million dollars. This probably represents one tenth of the total wealth of civilized nations, and one-quarter if not one third of their invested capital. It is doubtful whether the aggregate plant used in all manufacturing industries can equal it in value. The capital engaged in banking is but a trifle beside it. The world's whole stock of money of every kind—gold, silver or paper would purchase only a third of its railroads. Yet these facts by no means measure the whole importance of the railroad in the modern industrial system. The business methods of to-day are in one sense the direct result of improved means of transportation. The railroad enables the large establishment to reach the markets of the world with its products; it enables the large city to receive its food supplies, if necessary, from a distance of hundreds of thousands of miles. And while it thus favors the concentration of capital it is in itself the extreme type of concentration. Almost every distinctive feature of modern business, whether good or bad finds in railroad history at once its chief cause and fullest development.

Our Young Folks.

THE FROGS THAT GRUMBLED.

BY EDITH CUTHELL.

IT WAS a beautiful autumn day. The sun shone warmly, the wind had for a few hours ceased to blow, and the world made believe that summer had returned again.

The inhabitants of the river and the high bank above it were waking up anew to life.

The trout were all agog, making short work of the unwary flies which were over the water in the sun light.

The water-beetles paddled about, plying their oars, and a great newt, in all his glory of spring costume—crest and orange waistcoat—swam up and down to show himself off.

Overhead, among the branches of the trees whose roots made a network along the bank the kingfisher glanced in the sunlight, frightening the trout, a moorhen, busy with her nest on floating sedge and sticks which had collected under the bank, paddled about here and there looking for some building materials.

Two small heads and four bright eyes lay motionless on the water in a quiet little bay, out of the reach of the eddy and twirl of the brook. These belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Jumpwell, two fine frogs, among the oldest residents in that portion of the stream.

They had been very busy for some time, laying their eggs on a patch of weeds on the edge of the oft mentioned bay. But that business had been satisfactorily accomplished, there was nothing more for them to do in the way of taking care of their nursery.

The warm sun would gradually hatch the eggs, and then the young tadpoles, already armed with legs and tails, would be able to take care of themselves.

So Mr. and Mrs. Jumpwell were free to amuse themselves, and enjoy this autumn morning.

Suddenly there was a wave and swirl in the pond. In a twinkling the two little forms disappeared beneath the water.

In another minute Mr. and Mrs. Jumpwell were climbing up the bank, and took refuge under a bush. Mrs. Jumpwell sat down to get her breath, for the bank was a steep one, and her nerves had quite a little shock.

Her husband seized a little twig as a weapon of defence and looked back at the water.

A brown head and a pair of small eyes peered above the surface.

"Why it's only one of the otters," said Jumpwell.

His wife gave a sigh of relief.

"What do you think of these new people that have come to the bank, the otters and the rats?" she inquired.

"Think! Why I admire and envy them!" exclaimed Jumpwell. "Superb animals! Look at their size—look at their pace—how they can both swim and run!"

"I'm sure you are a beautiful leaper, dear," put in Mrs. Jumpwell admiringly, looking at her husband's long legs.

"Leaper!" he retorted. "What's the use of that? Can I get about the country like these four-footed beasts? Look at the rats summering in the bank here, wintering in the rick-yard yonder; while I've never been farther than the shore of the meadow all my life! These great long lanky legs are no good at all, and my web feet—perfectly useless! I'd give anything to be an otter or a rat!"

Mr. Jumpwell being in a very discontented frame of mind, as indeed he had been ever since the new residents had taken up their quarters in the vicinity, his wife wisely did not try to argue with him, but she pointed out the otter, who had now emerged from the water, and stood on the stones under the bank, and with a watchful look in her keen eyes.

Then a cry was heard, something like a young puppy whining.

It came from the direction of the meadow, where the drain came under an old tree trunk. The cry was repeated again, and the mother otter, with an odd loping gait, went off in that direction.

The frogs saw her drop her head, and raise it again, holding a half-grown cub in her mouth, which she laid on the grass. Then she picked another out of the hole, and what a game the three had on the grass!

The young ones played with their mother's tail like so many kittens—that powerful tail which she used like an oar when she swam.

Mrs. Jumpwell watched them for a short time wistfully.

"They're having great fun. I should like to [illegible] to play with. Their [illegible] and legs and they can only live in the water, too.

"It's all very well to grumble, madame," remarked a rat who was hurrying by, "but you frogs find your tadpoles not bad eating sometimes, I have been told. You cannibal!"

"Ah! yes, if we were only proper beasts like you," whispered the frogs together. "It would be easy enough to be good then!"

[illegible] had taken up his summer quarters in a [illegible] rabbit burrow, out of which the otters had turned the bunnies and enlarged it into a nursery for themselves.

All the long hard winter the rat had lived with his family and relations in a barn in the farmyard, and had fared well, while the denizens of the river bank had been half frozen up and very often pretty near starving.

No wonder the frogs envied him.

He was in a hurry to get back, because he had a blind father at home, an old rat whose whiskers were quite white, waiting for him to lead him out for the evening's forage.

The frogs watched him scurry away, and went back to their home under the water-lily leaf sullen and envious.

Foolish Mr. and Mrs. Jumpwell like so many children, nay, like some grown-up people, they had not the sense to know when they were well off, as this story will show.

The next day the weather changed suddenly, and for the worse.

The rains descended and the floods came. The wind blew; the trees rocked; you would have thought that December had already come.

The meadow was wet and boggy, the clay bank sticky, the stream muddy, swollen, and rising rapidly.

The rats retreated to their innermost parlor, the otter's cubs could not get out for a gambol in the meadow; only the frogs did not mind the weather.

In fact, they preferred it. They swelled visibly, they croaked cheerfully, and they jumped and swam to their heart's content.

The next day still down came the rain and up rose the stream, turgid and raging, the color of pea soup.

It rose till it reached the rat-holes and rabbit-holes, and there was dire confusion, and such a scurrying and flittering.

Whole families of rabbits went off into the wood, and the rats encamped anywhere anyhow among the grass and brushwood on the top of the bank.

But the frogs cared not a jot. They had no home to be devastated, no young ones to protect.

Now when Arthur and Edward, who were home for some holidays, saw the stream rising so high and flooding its banks, they rejoiced greatly.

They were very weary of being shut up in the house two days in succession, with nothing particular to do, so Arthur said to Edward:

"How jolly it will be to go for a run on the river's bank. We may see some rats now the flood has driven them all out. Let us go and ask the keeper to go with us."

"Ah! and do you know, keeper says that the otters have come down to that bank from further up the stream this spring? Who knows but we may find one?"

"That would be a game! Come along, Viper and Vixen," and with their two terriers at their heels the boys went off to find the keeper.

Very shortly the sudden and unexpected appearance of Vixen and Viper among the flooded out rats on the bank caused dire distress.

They fled hither and thither in all directions in search of a place of safety. It was not all "a game" for the rats, I can assure you.

Then the terrier's long noses, followed by their keen eyes and sharp teeth, came suddenly around the corner into such burrows as the water had not reached, and their inmates fled in every direction. Our friend the rat only just managed to get his blind father out in time.

The poor old gentleman of course did not notice the dogs, but the others uttered a shrill warning cry, and closing him round before and in the rear, conducted him out by a back door.

The keeper seized the dogs by the nape of the neck and pointed them at the mouth of the next hole, which was rather a larger one. But nothing would induce them to go near it. They ran round, they whined, they barked, and they scratched, but they would not venture into the hole.

"What makes the dogs so uneasy like?" asked Arthur.

Mr. and Mrs Jumpwell lying snug in the mud, half in and half out of the water, not in the least afraid of Viper and Vixen, could have told them why. That was the otter's hole.

Suddenly there was a whining heard.

"Look!" cried Edward. And there, swimming across the raging brook, her cub in her mouth, was the otter, escaping by her back door under the water line to the opposite bank.

It was hard work, for the stream was strong, and the cub heavy and helpless. But her mother's love gave the otter strength and courage.

Viper and Vixen with ears pricked, and all eyes agog, looked on, not daring to give chase in that strong current.

The otter gained the shore, and deposited her cub [illegible] The frogs breathed again a sigh of relief.

Then came another whine close under the dogs' feet as they stood by the burrow. The otter emerged a second time, and now [illegible]

Viper, with uplifted paw, [illegible] experiment, not to [illegible] stream; he knew he would be swept away.

The boys, dogs, and frogs, watched breathlessly the otter once more struggling across.

But her broad strong tail helped her; it acted like a fifth oar. She gained the bank safely, and the three disappeared in the water again.

When the boys and the dogs had gone home to lunch, the Jumpwells, finding all quiet once more, went for a turn in the meadow. They paused [illegible] and looking round, and happening to look over, who do you think they saw at the bottom?

Why, the poor old blind rat, all alone and [illegible]

On hearing the Jumpwells' voices he clasped his paws closely together and then he implored them to go and tell his son to come and help him out of the dreadful place into which he had fallen during their hurried flight.

As he did so his son and his wife, who had been looking for him everywhere, came up. And how do you think they got him up? His wife seized him by one ear, and his son put one end of a piece of stick into his mouth, while he himself held the other end.

In this way the two guided the poor old gentleman up the difficult ascent safely on to the meadow again.

Mr. and Mrs. Jumpwell watched the performance from the edge of the drain.

"Well, my dear," remarked the latter, "if these are the kind of dangers which otters and rats are exposed to, I'm sure I'm thankful that we are only frogs, and, have no young ones to look after."

Mr Jumpwell did not make any reply, but in his heart he thoroughly agreed with her in all she said.

TWO SPARROWS.

BY M. CUNNINGTON.

"WHAT a hum-drum fellow you are!" said a pert sparrow to his little brown brother as they sat with the rest of their family on the stone coping of a large house, waiting for the sun to rise. "Have you no aspirations?" he went on, edging a little nearer, and peering into his brother's face; "I don't believe you ever want to be anything but a sparrow."

"I don't understand what aspirations mean," answered the hum-drum sparrow, "and I am not sure that I care, either; you interrupt me, brother; look, the clouds begin to redden for the sunrise!" and he put in his little chirp to join the chorus which was beginning all over the land.

The pert sparrow hopped away down to the gutter, and sat by himself at its corner with his back to the rising sun, feeling very cross and disagreeable.

Down on the lawn below he noticed a troop of starlings scurrying to and fro in greedy haste for breakfast. An idea struck him: "Perhaps," he thought "after all I am not a sparrow! Perhaps I am a starling!" and he flew down from his roof corner among them.

"Good morning, Master Sparrow!" said the starlings, which are a polite race of birds.

"You mistake!" answered the pert sparrow, swelling himself out big "I am a starling."

The starlings gathered round in mirth and wonder to see this sparrow who called himself a starling. "You a starling," they screamed in derision! "you can't eat worms! you can't even waddle! C-r-r-r-e-e-e-e!" (which is the starling way of laughing).

The pert sparrow was so much offended that he betook himself to the top of the nearest elm to think things over.

Was he right or were the starlings? He, a bird with such great thoughts, was just as likely to be right as they.

And so, reasoning to himself, he caught sight of a flight of crows just setting out from the rookery in the valley for a freshly-ploughed field at some distance, where news had blown abroad through Crowland that the worms were unusually fat and fine.

As the goodly company of black-coated birds swept across his vision the sparrow was struck by a new and brilliant fancy. "I must be a crow!" he cried, and he flew up to join the solemn throng.

Be sure his presence did not much affect them, for their minds were set on the great business of daily food; only the bird nearest the sparrow noticed him, and remarked to one of its companions, "Where did this item come from? Can you tell me what it is?"

"A sparrow, I believe," answered his friend; "C-r-r-a-w-w!" (which is the crow way of laughing).

The poor little sparrow was very tired before they reached their destination, and swooped down to its rugged furrows with a grand rush of sombre wings.

To and fro over the clods of earth they paced with croaks and cawings, and left the pert sparrow sitting on a stone out of breath no less than out of spirits.

Being a crow was not such fun as he had imagined. Perhaps the thing that tried him most was that the crows took no manner of notice of him, being occupied with the more important diversions of a meal.

Just then a bird with slender wings, barred breast, and fierce expectant eyes, swept over the nearest clump of trees and hung suspended in the blue air above the field.

His head turned from side to side; his wonderful eyes went every way; his wings quivered slightly; breakfast was also in his mind.

The sparrow crouched a little, dumb with awe and admiration. How wonderful was this bird who could rest on the air as it upheld by unseen hands, or go up its windy highroads into the kingdoms of the sun: whose energy was as the storm, whose grace and speed were as the lightning.

"I will be a falcon!" cried the pert sparrow; "I will hover too;" and he sprang up with a twitter to join the bird of prey. Poor little pert sparrow! That was his last remark. A shadow swifter and swift as fate came between him and the sun. He was struck by the crook [illegible] and caught in the [illegible] and [illegible] away [illegible]

Meanwhile the hum-drum sparrow sat in the gutter with the sunshine on his breast, vigorously chirping his appreciation of the delicious morning.

The air glowed with light, the wind was gay among the dancing leaves, and it may have been my fancy, but I thought the sun shone with a tenderer brightness, and the wind blew with a more delicious freshness, for the sake of that chirping sparrow.

AMERICAN WARS.

Since Columbus first discovered this country, 396 years ago, sixteen wars have raged in what are now the United States or been waged by this Government.

They were the Dutch war of 1665, King Phillip's war of 1675 King William's war of 1689, Queen Anne's war of 1713, the French and Indian war, 1800, the Barbary war 1803, the Tecumseh war, 1811, the war of 1812 the war on the Algerian pirates in 1815, the first Seminole war in 1818 the second Seminole war in 1835, the Black Hawk war of 1842 the Mexican war in 1846, and the Rebellion, 1861.

The duration and cost of the four great wars were: Revolutionary, seven years, $135 103 700, 1812, two and a half years, $167 159 000; Mexican, two years, $66 000,000 and of the Rebellion, four years, over $3 000 000 000, or a total cost of nearly three and a half billion.

In the Revolutionary war the number of American troops engaged was 231 791, and in the Rebellion, the Northern soldiers numbered 2 688 523.

There have also been so-called rebellions or attempts to overthrow the Government.

The first was in 1782, when some officers of the Federal army tried to consolidate the thirteen States into one and confer supreme power on Washington.

The second was in 1787 called "Shay's Insurrection in Massachusetts. The third was in 1794, popularly called "The Whiskey Insurrection of Pennsylvania." The fourth instance was in 1814 by the Hartford Convention of Federalists.

The fifth, on which the different sections of the Union came in collision was in 1820, under the administration of President Monroe and occurred on the question of the admission of Missouri in the Union.

The sixth was a collision between the Legislature of Georgia and the Federal Government in regard to certain lands given by the latter to the Creek Indians.

The seventh was in 1830 with the Cherokees in Georgia. The eighth was the memorable nullifying ordinance of South Carolina in 1832.

The ninth was in 1842, and occurred in Rhode Island between the Suffrage Association and the State authorities. The tenth was in 1856 on the part of the Mormons, who resisted the Federal authority. The eleventh was the late civil war.

TRUTH IN PLEASURE.—Men have been said to be sincere in their pleasure, but this is only that the tastes and habits of men are more easily discernable in pleasure than in business; the want of truth is as great an hindrance to the one as to the other.

Indeed, there is so much insincerity and formality in the pleasurable department of human life, especially in social pleasures, that instead of a bloom there is a slime upon it, which deadens and corrupts the thing.

One of the most comical sights to superior beings must be to see two human creatures, with elaborate speech and gestures, making each other exquisitely uncomfortable from civility; the one pressing what he is most anxious the other should not accept, and the other accepting only from the fear of giving offence by refusal.

There is an element of charity in all this, too; and it will be the business of a just and refined nature to be sincere and considerate at the same time.

There will be better done by encouraging our sympathy, so that more things and people are, [illegible] than by increasing the civil and conventional part of our nature, so that we are able to do more seeming with greater skill and endurance.

OBLIGATIONS MUTUAL.—The common boast of a rich man, that "he can pay his way, and is obliged to nobody," is a very silly boast; for the man is a debtor to others for all he possesses; and, of course, the larger his possessions, are the more he is in debt.

The debt is, however, due only to society generally; and therefore no individual member of society is entitled to ask payment of it.

It must be paid in conduct, and in doing those particular duties which belong to his station.

[illegible] was [illegible] was [illegible] had been almost through the Third Reader, was helping her. The word "fur" proved especially puzzling, and the little one's forehead [illegible] "Why, you know that [illegible]" exclaimed Gertie eagerly. "It's something that cuts have." Like a flash the little girl's face brightened as she cried: "I know—fits."

"[illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Jones, and [illegible]

THE VESPER BELL.

BY PHILIP PALMER.

The gleaming rays of the setting sun
Have ceased to fall,
Though still their radiance lingers
Upon the old church wall.

Twilight with flickering shadows
And wierd, fantastic shapes,
With mantle gray and sombre
The flushing picture drapes.

Peace reigns supreme. All daily
Cares and tasks are o'er;
And happy groups enjoy the quiet
Scene from each ope'd door.

'Tis then we hear soft sounding,
Through the gathering chill,
The sweet-toned vesper bell that breaks
The solemn silence still.

"Pray, pray: come and pray!"
Its low tolling seems to say;
"Pray, pray!" it seems to say; "come
And pray, come and pray!"

The chiming bell, with solemn swell,
Relieves the heart;
And calms distress, and seems to bless
With mystic art.

Echoes repeat, with cadence sweet,
Its clear refrain;
It dies away, like night on day,
Then silence falls again.

WITH THE MISERECORDIE.

It is Sunday morning, and our ship steams slowly into Leghorn harbor under the bluest of Italian skies. We hire a wherry and go ashore, glad to escape for a time the monotonous roll of the wave-washed vessel.

Hardly have we crossed the city's threshold, when we come upon a wierd procession of hooded men, carrying on their shoulders an empty litter. We are told they are the famous Misericordie; so we follow until they reach their chapel, and go in after them.

Our questions are kindly answered by a "brother" whose face we cannot see, and we are soon investigating for ourselves the mysteries of this solemn brotherhood.

It goes without saying that no religious body anywhere is held in greater respect and veneration than the Italian Misericordie. While distinctly Roman Catholic in denomination, it ministers to the wants and sufferings of all creeds and classes.

We are unable to ascertain exactly the date of its foundation; but there can be no doubt, from all account, that it has been in operation for upwards of a century. It was founded by a Florentine, who sought in an humble way to alleviate the sufferings of his poorer townsmen; but little did the good Samaritan imagine the extent to which his ideas were destined to be carried out long after his bones were crumbling in dust.

The Order of Misericordie embraces both men and women. Its mission is to relieve suffering, to watch by the sick and dying, to convey the wounded to the hospitals, to carry the dead to the tomb, and to be impartial always in their services to whosoever may require them.

The dress of the order consists of a long black frock and hood, in the latter being cut two eye-holes. Save for these, the wearer is completely enveloped, and is absolutly unrecognizable. The idea of this is that individual pomp and vanity may be sunk and crucified, and so the brethren go round in the performance of their good work unknown.

The amount of labor overtaken by the Order is not easily calculated. It is forever "on duty," and the demands made upon it are enormous.

The public ambulance is a thing as yet unknown to the Italian police, and in order themselves to escape the unpleasant duty of caring for and conveying the sick and wounded to the hospitals, the authorities are only too glad that it should be performed by the Misericordie.

So thoroughly is the work established, so widely the brethren known, that the people come directly to them with their messages and demands, without applying to the authorities at all.

If a man is hurt in the street, the Misericordie turn out at once and take him tenderly, in the cleanest and whitest of stretchers, to the nearest hospital; or to his own house if he has one. If a weak or bedridden householder has to be moved from one room to another, a message to the Misericordie will bring strong men to do the work.

If a doctor has a dying patient too poor to afford the luxury of a nurse, he leaves word with the Misericordie, and nurses are at once sent out in turn to tend and nurse him back to convalescence, or until death relieves them of their weary vigils.

It must not be imagined that because the Order is a Roman Catholic one, its services are offered only to its co religionists. It goes anywhere at any time, to do what good it can to fellow-men, and church and creed give way before the sacred call of humanity.

Many a foreign sailor, crushed and hurt in Italian harbors, and many a friendless foreigner, have good reason to remember and bless the Misericordie for their gracious and most timely help.

Payment for its labors is sternly refused; the rule is imperative that not even a cup of cold water shall be asked or taken by a brother while services are being rendered.

Through the crowded streets, however, and passing in and out of shops and houses, may be seen the grim black figures with their poor boxes, soliciting contributions; and there are few who pass them by without a blessing and a coin.

During the day, a few taps on their huge alarm bell suffice to bring together a sufficient number of brethern for the performance of any ordinary duty. During the night, however, a relief is always kept on the premises, ready to issue forth at a moment's notice.

On the sound of an alarm, the brethren run quickly to headquarters, don their black robes, and give their names to the senior member present, who notes and marshals them. When the duty is performed, the brethren are dismissed, and the case attended to is carefully entered in the Order's books.

Whenever a brother has completed one hundred and fifty such services, he receives the Order's bronze medal, which is highly prized, and worn at the girdle. When he has answered five thousand calls, he is entitled to the silver medal, which is worn on the breast; but as such a course of duties must necessarily be spread over a long period of years, the wearers are few and far between, and always old and venerable men.

The ranks are composed of all classes of society, and it is well known that during his lifetime the late Grand duke of Tuscany was himself the most active of this noble band.

During the cholera plagues, the labors of the Order were almost superhuman; and it speaks volumes for the respect in which it is held, when it is remembered that during the most stirring times in Italian history, when no processions or bodies dared walk abroad unguarded or unarmed, the members of the Misericordie went everwhere alone, doing their quiet, good work under the shadow of their uplifted crucifix.

Grains of Gold.

Patience heals many a wound.

Never try to outshine, but to please.

Envy strikes at others and stabs herself.

Weigh your answer well before uttering it.

It is more trouble to revenge a wrong than to bear it.

If we flatter not ourselves the flattery of others will not injure us.

Imaginary ills soon become real ones, by indulging our reflections.

To do as you please is to become the slave of your own caprices.

The true measure of earthly prosperity is its influence upon the soul.

Small faults are little thieves that open the door for big ones to enter.

Seek out a man's good traits of character before you search for his bad ones.

The man that has never made a mistake has never attempted to do anything.

He who confesses a fault makes half amends, but he who denies it doubles it.

He who observes the faults of his neighbor is too much occupied to see his own faults.

Man can do everything with himself, but he must not attempt to do too much with others.

The tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel, which in a wise man wisdom hath in keeping.

He who does a good is instantly ennobled; he who does a mean deed, is by the action itself contracted and self-degraded.

The call to religion is not a call to be better than your fellows, but to be better than yourself. Religion is relative to the individual.

Femininities.

A Detroit sign reads: "Woshin Dun Heer."

Two teacups, level, of granulated sugar weighs one pound.

Two teacups of soft butter, well packed, weighs one pound.

A grandmother only 25 years old is the chief carlo in Hancock, Ind.

In bracelets a heavy coil of rope in variegated enamel is the latest design.

Among recent hairpin devices is one representing a cornstalk in green gold.

Miniature painting are now being adopted as earrings in circles of colored pearls.

Women do the work of ushering people to their places in most of the theatres in Paris.

Neglected graves are not half so sad as neglected poor people who will soon need graves.

A Kentucky girl measures 7 feet 8 inches around the waist, 3 feet 6 inches around the arm, and weighs 672 pounds.

Women are like the magnet, which attracts foreign substances with more power than it does other magnets.

The beautiful in heart is a million times of more avail in securing domestic happiness than the beautiful in person.

Among the fall weddings one that took place in a hansom cab in Chicago should rank as the most mysteriously romantic.

It is said that less than a year is the average professional life of a good-looking schoolteacher in Merced county, Cal.

It is said that there are now orders ahead in the shops of Paris and London for all the golden hair that can be purchased in the next five years.

A Milwaukee woman earns a living teaching the game of whist. It is claimed that she is one of the most brilliant players in the country.

The young women of Anthony, Kansas, spend so much of their time in the saddle that it is said the horses at that place are becoming lop-sided.

A cooking-school lecturer was wiser than she knew when she said: "There is no such thing as luck in bread-making. Bad luck means ignorance."

The girl who takes her engagement ring to the jeweler to find out how much it cost will never make a satisfactory wife, especially if the young man finds it out.

"Yes, Miss Bostonia in the Mediterranean I sailed through schools of sardines." Miss Bostonia: "Nonsense! How could they swim in those heavy tin boxes?"

Bore a three quarter inch augur hole in the side of the washtub about an inch from the bottom, and put a pine plug in. It saves lifting the tub off the bench to empty it.

Two young ladies recently agreed to read Shakespeare together, and one said: "Let us begin with 'Romeo and Juliet.'" "Why," exclaimed the other, "we can't read both of them at once."

"What did the horses stop for, George?" "They made a false start, and have to go back to the post again." "O, George, and the horse we are betting on was ever so far ahead! I don't think that's fair."

"I notice, Miss Saunders," he remarked, "that when two women kiss each other they do it in a most rapturous and fervid manner." "Yes, Mr. Clarkson, but that is simply the woman of it; there is really nothing exciting about the affair."

A bird in the hand. Bridegroom, to bride, while waiting for the minister: "Shall I run out and see what is the matter, my dear? The minister should have been here 20 minutes ago." Bride: "No, George; you stay just where you are!"

All sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long-retained smells of every kind in the easiest and most perfect manner, by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and water.

No indoor household work is repugnant to a modest and sensible woman. The shuttle and the needle are only the occupation of her leisure; the neatness of her house is the work of her cares; and it is her glory either to attend a sick person or to prepare a repast.

Hostess of swell Lombard street soiree to guest: "Don' yo' dance, Mista Ha'grease?" Mr. Hoargrease: "Well, to tell de truf ob dis matter, I yused to dance a great deal, but mo' recently ob late, I only dance in de berry coldest weather ter keep me wa'm."

The most beautiful may be the most admired and caressed, but they are not always the most esteemed and loved. And thus, in art and in life, we learn that great lesson of practical wisdom, while we look upward to the stars, not to trample on the flowers that lie at our feet.

Wife, revisiting the scene of her betrothal: "I remember, Algernon, so well when you proposed to me, how painfully embarrassed you were." Algernon: "Yes, dear, and I remember so well how kind and encouraging you were, and how very easy you made it for me, after all."

Sophy, who accepted Mr. Charles Fleetwood the night before: "Does Mr. Fleetwood strike you as being a sensitive man?" Pauline, who doesn't know of the engagement: "Gracious, no! A man who has been rejected by four girls within six months and gets fat on it cannot be. Why, Sophy, what's the matter?"

Among the patients of a Syracuse physician is a young woman who is an almost inveterate clove chewer. She acquired the habit several years ago, and despite the entreaties of her people she has refused to abandon it, except for short periods. She has been known to chew a pound of the spice in three days. Nearly all the druggists and grocers have been warned not to give her the spice, but she manages to supply herself with it nevertheless.

Masculinities.

A storm moves 36 miles per hour.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.

Some men cannot stand prosperity; some never get the chance to stand it.

Half the minor miseries in life come from kicking against the irremediable.

The lucky man would be happy if he wasn't always afraid that his luck would change.

Do not neglect little things, if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.

Though the love of money is the root of all evil, the lack of it leads to many branches of evil.

There are but very few who know how to be idle and innocent. By doing nothing we learn to do ill.

The ability to mind one's own business is the rarest of modern accomplishments, and is seldom met with in polite society.

Reaching for the unattainable may not be profitable, but it is nobler than sitting idle and sinking in the slough of stupidity.

The wretch who can stand in a pair of slippers worked for him by his wife and scold her is a brute who deserves to have the gout in both of his feet.

Henry Menix, of McRae, Ga., is 99. He never took a dose of medicine and never missed a meal. What the world lacks most, he says, is kindness.

He knows not how to speak who cannot be silent; still less how to act with vigor and decision. Who hastens to the end is silent; loudness is impotence.

An organization of Pittsburg young men has been formed to study electricity, mechanics and engineering, especially in their application to iron and steel.

The forms of good breeding have been properly compared to the cotton and other soft materials placed between China vases to prevent their being broken by collision.

They say that a Camden lawyer, noted for being absent-minded, went to his own office the other day, and seeing a notice on the door, "Back at 2 o'clock," sat down to wait for himself.

Twenty young men in a Pennsylvania town formed a foot-ball club. In 3 months 14 of them had broken bones, 3 were crippled for life, and one druggist sold them $18 worth of ointment.

"Sewing machines repaired," reads a sign on a house in Tennessee which is 9 miles from any other cabin and 37 from the nearest machine. The owner wants things to look like business around him.

Miss Smith, just introduced, sentimentally: "Were you ever smitten by Cupid's dart, Mr. Solder?" Mr. Solder: "Only once." Miss Smith: "How long, may I ask?" Mr. Solder, consulting his watch: "About two minutes."

Many a man sits in his pew on Sunday night and sings "Rock of Ages" and rolls up his eyes very piously, who, on coming out at the close of the service, shuts the pew door and says, "Good-bye, religion, I will be back next Sunday!"

The hasty acts and passionate words of a weak man, were they to rise up in judgment against him, and an ill-natured judge be suffered to mark in this manner what had been done amiss, what character so unexceptionable as to be able to stand up before him!

The new fashion of embroidering the seam of trousers for evening wear suggests the question whether it presages the reappearance of beloved and ruffled wrists and colored and silken coats. The new trouser seams will soon be of gold, it is said, and then anything may happen.

To find a small object that has been lost on the floor, go to the part of the room most distant from the light and bend down to bring the eyes close to the floor. It is most probable that the object can then be seen. If it is dark, put a lighted candle on the floor before stooping.

"You should have counted upon the expense of married life before you entered upon it," said the young husband's friend; "it was only a question of common sense and reason that you should have exercised." "Common sense and reason!" echoed the young Benedict; "why I was in love!"

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with a design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives.

Sir Lyon Playfair says that during seventeen years service as member of Parliament he came in contact with the most eminent medical men of England, and he put the question to most of them: "Did you, in your extensive practice, ever know a patient who was afraid to die?" With two exceptions they answered "No."

A religious paper prints a list of sensational topics announced by American preachers and says they compare favorably with dime novel titles. Here are a few of the sermon titles: "Boycotting the Dead," "The Great Oil," "Straight from the Shoulder," "Hell, and the People Who Are Going There," "Taken by the Throat," "Use Your Eyes," "Off Goes the Roof," "Up Comes the Man."

A Bridgeport, Conn., man, in his haste to catch a passing horse car slammed the door of his house on the tails of his coat. He struggled for several minutes to free the garment and was about despairing of success when an easy way out of the predicament came to his mind. He released himself from the coat, crawled in the cellar window, went upstairs, unlocked the door from the inside, and regaining his garment made another start for the cars.

Recent Book Issues.

A complete and unabridged translation of "La Reva," by Zola, has been made from the French by George D. Cox, Esq., and is published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, at twenty-five cents a copy.

"Kathleen," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, just published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., is one of the most perfect and charming love stories ever printed, tender, true and pathetic. Price twenty-five cents.

"The Astonishing History of Troy Town," by Q., author of "Dead Man's Rock," is a bright, original story, full of genuine humor, and what plot there is is ingeniously devised. Published by Cassell & Co., New York, in their "Rainbow" series of original novels. For sale by Lippincott.

"Pen" short for Penelope, the girl hero of the story, is a pleasant and interesting tale of domestic trials and loves, by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," and other successful works. There is much of pathos and merriment in the book and altogether it makes an entertaining volume. Roberts Bros., publishers, Boston. For sale by Lippincott.

"A Gallant Fight," a novel, by Marion Harland, will be heartily welcomed by admirers of this popular writer. It has a thoroughly interesting plot, the characters are excellently outlined, and the tone of the book is sweet and pure. The style of animation, and a wholesome moral is taught with impressive force. Dodd & Mead, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

In the Cassell Library of Choice Fiction is to be found "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane," by Frank Barrett. The story is told by Benet Pingilly, and deals with the time when pirates ruled the seas, and when dreams of rich treasure lured men to unknown lands. There is a breezy freshness about the book which will commend it to all who love stories of adventure and daring. Cassell & Co. publishers, New York. For sale by Lippincott.

"Run Down," from the pen of George D. Cox (well-known to the readers of THE POST from his translation of "Sidonie" some years since), is an altogether original and exceedingly striking novel, a miracle of ingenuity and sustained interest. The attention of the reader is chained at once and held to the very last line by a clever and impenetrable mystery. It is just sensational enough to keep up an agreeable excitement. All who relish an exceedingly clever romance should read it. T. B. Peterson & Bros., publishers, Philadelphia. Price twenty-five cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Dunraven Ranch" is the name of the new novel which Captain King contributes to the December number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. "Cap." King, like good wine, improves with age. "Dunraven Ranch" is the best story he has yet produced. An excellent full-page portrait of the author appropriately decorates the number. A biographical sketch by Lieutenant Philip Reade, who has been King's life-long friend, gives many entertaining and thrilling episodes in the life of the soldier-author. The serial "At Last: Six Days in the Life of an Ex-Teacher," by John Habberton, is full of humor and interest. "With the Fruits and the Wines," by G. S. R., is a sketch full of interesting information. Thomas Leaming has a valuable article on "Trust and Title Insurance Companies." The One Hundred Prize Questions are as interesting as ever. Of the poetry, the most notable is Edgar Saltus's "Imeros" and a series of sonnets by Amelie Rives, "To all Women," which will attract attention. The departments keep up their interest. Lippincott & Co., publishers, this city.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for December is an etching by G. Biscaro from Meissonier's famous picture, "The Painter." The opening article is on the sculptor, Alfred Gilbert, by that well-known art critic, Cosmo Monkhouse, and is illustrated with the best examples of the sculptor's work. There are two articles in this number that are bound to attract special attention: one is on "Wells and its Cathedral," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, wife of the Philadelphia etcher. The other is a series of papers on "The Portraits of Gabriel Rossetti," by his brother, Wm. M. Rossetti. We have also in this number illustrated articles on the "Insignia of Mayoralty," and on "Old Arts and Modern Thought." The department of home and foreign art notes is up to the standard for fulness and accuracy. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

With the December number of *Cassell's Family Magazine*, which concludes the volume, the two entertaining serials are brought to a close. This number is conspicuous for the variety of its contents. Besides the short stories and poetry, there is a practical chapter on the cooking of apples; "A Trip to Dutchman's Land," which describes Holland; some timely suggestions by the "Family Doctor," about "Preparing to Face the Winter;" a continuation of the series, "The Love Affairs of Some Famous Men;" "How to Knit a Stocking," by Phyllis Brown; "Prescriptions from the Far West," and a number of other articles, including the London and Paris fashion letters. The publisher says that this English magazine is rapidly gaining ground in this country. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

THE rosy freshness, and a velvety softness of the skin is invariably obtained by those who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

CHRISTIANS IN TURKEY.

THE Christians of Turkey belong to five different races: the Greek, Vlach, Bulgarian, Armenian and Frank.

Though living in close contact with each other, and with the Turks and other Moslems of the country, each nationality has its separate existence, its separate internal government, religion, customs, and costume; and in the towns and cities, its quarters, outside of which its members are seldom ever found.

The Greek women far excel those of other races, not only in personal refinement, but in general intelligence and desire for self-improvement.

The Greek women of the upper classes are generally clever, well-bred, and well-informed, and might rival in accomplishments, culture, and conversational powers, their sisters of the West.

The advantages of education are, however, by no means restricted to the upper class, for not only in the towns, but almost in every village where there is a Greek community, schools have been founded in which the instruction given to girls ranges from the simplest elementary lessons to ancient Greek, psychology, and mathematics. Here the children of the rich and poor sit side by side in the same class.

The teachers of these rural schools are young women from Athens who have left home and country to improve the condition of their less-favored country-women in Turkey, and are in return idolised by the scholars and their mothers.

The life of women of the shopkeeper and artisan classes in the towns is still very secluded, and it is considered an impropriety to be seen much out of doors, specially for young girls, who must always be accompanied by their mothers or some elderly relative. All occupation in shops is forbidden them, nor, unless compelled by sheer necessity, will they leave home and take service with others.

Some occupy themselves with needle-work, lace-making, embroidery, and the home manufacture of the various small articles; but it is only in the silk-growing districts in Asia Minor that they are employed in the factories.

The most striking faults in a Greek woman's character are her vanity, fondness for dress and display, and jealousy of the better circumstances of her neighbors.

The spirit of ambitious rivalry is carried to such an extent that the real comforts of home life are sacrificed to it; and many live poorly, and dress meanly at home in order to display a well-furnished drawing-room and expensive holiday toilettes to the public. They are, however, very domesticated, making devoted wives, and fond, if not always judicious, mothers.

It is customary among the Greeks for the girl's parents or guardians to seek a suitable husband for her, either personally or through the agency of a "Proxenetra."

The bride is dowered according to her station, and presented with an ample trousseau, stock of household linen, etc., which have been in preparation for her for years past.

The betrothal is a formal ceremony. It takes place in the presence of the relatives of the contracting parties, and is considered almost as binding as marriage itself.

A Greek peasant girl takes an active part in household duties, and helps to spin, card, wind and weave, or knit the wool, flax, and silk, used for the garments of the family.

She leads her father's flock to pasture, and, under the title of "Voskopoula" steals the hearts of shepherd swains, and is by them immortalized in rustic song. On Sundays and feast-days she rests from her toil, and, with her companions, dances the antique "syrto," or long-drawn dance on the village green.

If there is more than one daughter in a peasant's family, one is sent out to service in the neighboring town. Very frequently, if the girl is well-conducted, especially if she be an orphan, she is adopted as a member of the family into which she has entered, as a "psychopaida," or "soul-child." In that case, if she is still young, she is sent to school for a year or two, is clothed and cared for.

She receives no wages, but when she arrives at the age of twenty-five or six, she is dowered and married from the house of her adoption.

The Vlachs form a number of communities, established chiefly in small towns and villages. Some of the Vlachs settled in towns are engaged in trade and agriculture. But pastoral pursuits are so much their speciality, that the word "Vlach" has become in country parlance a synonym for "shepherd."

The "Vlachopoula," or shepherd-girl is one of the most prominent figures in Greek folk-song.

She is handsome, strong, and hardy, and when not tending her sheep, may be seen returning from the riverside with a heavy load of damp linen on her back, a large metal wash-basin on her head and a barrel of water slung over her shoulders, while her hands are busily employed with her spindle.

The Vlachs have retained many strange old customs, and among these observances connected with marriage are perhaps the most interesting.

A would-be bridegroom presents himself to the father of the chosen fair, and places in his hand some pieces of gold. If he is accepted, his gift is renewed on the wedding day.

Eight days before the bridal, the maidens go to the forest to cut firewood for the young couple. They also bring back with them a branch having at its extremity five little twigs.

Upon the centre one an apple is fastened, and upon the others, tufts of scarlet wool; the former is emblematic of love and maternity, the latter of domestic toil. This flamboro or banner, is carried with jubilant cries, and fixed on the roof of the bride's abode.

So far the marriage has been a sale. But on the wedding-morn it is transformed in fancy into a love adventure, wherein the bride is carried off by force. The maidens, dressed in their gala costumes, dance around the bridegroom while he is being shaved, singing.

The bridegroom then starts off on horseback to fetch the bride, preceded by a friend who receives on arriving a cake in the form of a crown, pieces of which are struggled for by the rest of the company.

This ceremony is repeated on the arrival of the bride at the door of her new home. As she dismounts and is about to cross the threshold, honey or butter is presented to her, with which she anoints the door to signify that she brings into the house peace and joy.

Bulgarian peasant women are extremely robust and hearty, though they are, as a rule, short in stature. They are thickly set, their chests well developed, and their limbs muscular from constant exercise in the open air. Their Tartar origin shows itself in their high projecting cheek-bones, and short snub noses, and little twinkling eyes.

Social life among this class of population differs from that of the Greeks chiefly in the position of the women.

A Bulgarian "vojka," or good wife, takes an almost equal share with her husband in the bread-winning, and consequently her word has considerable weight in the family council.

Like all women of the East, the Bulgarian is sober and thrifty, keeps at least the inside of the house clean and tidy, cooks palatable food, spins, weaves, knits, and sews all the clothes for the family.

Her wardrobe consists of two suits, one the gala costume in which she was married, and which will last her a lifetime for Sundays and feast-days; and one of the same pattern, but more homely material, for working-days.

These dresses, with some carpets, rugs, towels and sheets, form a Bulgarian girl's trousseau.

Among the peasants, a proposal of marriage is made to the father, who accepts the suitor on his promising to pay a sum varying according to his means. This is the purchase money for the labor of the hardy maiden, which will, on her marriage, belong to the husband.

These betrothals are formally ratified in the presence of the priest; but the wedding does not immediately follow.

Sometimes selfish parents prolong an engagement for years in order to retain the daughter's services, which represents so much gain to them; and the young couple may finally be forced to take matters into their own hands, and elope together.

SLEEP AND HABIT.—Sleep is much modified by habit. Thus an old artillery-man often enjoys tranquil repose while the cannon are thundering around him; an engineer has been known to fall asleep within a boiler, while his fellows were beating it on the outside with their ponderous hammers; and the repose of a miller is nowise incommoded by the noise of his mill.

Sound ceases to be a stimulus to such men, and what would have proved an inexpressible annoyance to others is by them altogether unheeded.

It is common for carriers to sleep on horseback, and coachmen on their coaches.

During the battle of the Nile some boys were so exhausted that they fell asleep on the deck amid the deafening thunder of that dreadful engagement.

Nay, silence itself may become a stimulus while sound ceases to be so.

Thus, a miller being very ill, his mill was stopped that he might not be disturbed with its noise; but this, so far from inducing sleep, prevented it altogether, and it did not take place until the mill was set agoing again.

For the same reason, the manager of some vast ironworks, who slept close to them, amid the incessant din of hammers, forges, and furnaces, would awake if there was any cessation of the noise during the night.

To carry the illustration still further, it has been noticed that a person who falls asleep near a church, the bell of which was ringing, may bear the sound during the whole of his slumber, and be, nevertheless, aroused by its sudden cessation.

Here the sleep must have been imperfect, otherwise he would have been insensible to the sound. The noise of the bell was no stimulus; it was its cessation, which, by breaking the monotony, became so, and caused the sleeper to awake.

THE DUTIES OF YOUTH.—The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks can never be wise. Perpetual levity must end in ignorance; and intemperance, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short and miserable. Let us consider that youth is of short duration, and that in mature age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no more comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good.

HEALTH, wealth, and happiness follow in the wake of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

To frostbites and bites of poisonous insects Salvation Oil gives immediate relief.

CONSTITUTIONAL GRUMBLERS.—There is, indeed, says Dickens, no difference in the main with respect to the dangers of ignorance and the advantage of knowledge, between those who hold different opinions—for it is to be observed that those who are most distrustful of the advantages of education are always the first to exclaim against the result of ignorance. This fact was plainly illustrated on the railway, as I came here.

In the same car with me there sat an ancient gentleman—I feel no delicacy in alluding to him, for I know that he is not in the room, having got out far short of Birmingham—who expressed himself most mournfully as to the ruinous effect and rapid spread of railways, and was most pathetic upon the virtues of the slow-going old stage coaches.

Now, I, entertaining some little lingering kindness for the road, made shift to express my concurrence with the old gentleman's opinion, without any great compromise of principle. Well, we got on tolerably comfortably together, and when the engine, with a frightful screech, dived into some dark abyss, like some strange aquatic monster, the old gentleman said it would never do, and I agreed with him. When it parted from each successive station, with a shock and a shriek, as if it had had a double-tooth drawn, the old gentleman shook his head, and I shook mine.

When he burst forth against such new-fangled notions, and said no good could come of them, I did not contest the point. But I found that when the speed of the engine was abated or there was a prolonged stay at any station, up the old gentleman was in arms, and his watch was instantly out of his pocket, denouncing the slowness of our progress. Now, I could not help comparing this old gentleman to that ingenious class of persons who are in the constant habit of declaiming against the vices and crimes of society, and at the same time are the first and foremost to assert that vice and crime have not their common origin in ignorance and discontent.

A WIFE'S PRAYER.—A wife's prayer nearly as beautiful as the prayer of Naomi is expressed in these words: "Lord bless and preserve that dear person whom Thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and a comfort unto him, a sharer in all his sorrows, a meet helper in all his accidents and change in the world; make me amiable for ever in his eyes, and for ever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity, and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness and discontentedness and unreasonableness of passion and humor; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God for ever. Amen."

WRITER'S PAY.—The amount offered contributors by journals and magazines varies greatly according to the standing and name of the writer and the interest and merit of his article. As high as $500 has been given for a special contribution, while the ordinary price will be $10 to $15 a page.

The newspapers pay by the column, which usually contains 1,500 words. Their price is, on the average, $6 to $8 a column for "space" work.

The literary "syndicate" can, of course, afford to pay more than any one journal, as they retail the writing out to a dozen different papers, for which each pays its share.

One syndicate when it started paid several thousand dollars each to leading writers of fiction for one story.

THERE is no protection against slander. Let us pay no attention to these foolish prattlers: let us try to live in innocence, and allow the world to talk.

A little knowledge wisely used is better than all knowledge disused.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, November 19, 1888.

The December BOOK NEWS, 112 pages, richly illustrated, will have complete lists of Holiday Books for big folks and little folks. You are likely to save $1 or more on every $5 you put into Christmas Books if you let BOOK NEWS help you. Can you do better with 5 cents?

$1 OR $4 WILL GET A LIBERAL DRESS PATTERN of some of the handsomest plain and plaided goods of the season. You can pick it/dressed from about three hundred styles and colorings of half-a-dollar a yard stuff and dr w a prize every time.

Many of these stuffs were 60 and 65 cents only a little time back. Some were a good deal more.

Here's a serge. We never heard of it at retail for less than 75 cents. It's generally been $1. Plump 50 inches wide, in a handsome line of colors, and a right royal stuff. At 50 cents it's a wonder.

Another 50 cent Serge is extra heavy, springy, hard. 52 inches wide and in 5 shades.

Half dollars are just as big wherever you stop at two long counters. Here are two kinds at random:

All wool stripes and plaids in several styles; good, reliable stuffs. 50 cents.

All-wool mottled stripes, unobtrusive but full of wear-worth. 50 cents.

And the weight of any of these goods doesn't come from the dirt and grease in the wool. Pure fibre, honestly put together and perfectly dyed.

WOMEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS, PLAIN WHITE LINEN, "convent work" initials. Unlaundered, $1.20 a dozen, 10c each.

Women's plain white linen, hemstitched, 75c to $2 a dozen.

The best pennyworth of the season, perhaps, is the Men's plain white linen hemstitched, ½ and 1 inch hem at $1.50 a dozen. Unlaundered. They would almost be good value at $2.

One from the silk corner—plain white, old-fashioned China silk, hemmed, 24 inches, 35c; 28 inches, 75c each.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Humorous.

THE BAGGAGE SMASHER.

Baggage smasher, take that trunklet,
Load it high upon the truck,
Bow to it in veneration,
See the label's on it stuck.

Many a mile that trunk has traveled,
Bled me oft for extra weight,
Been my best, my sole companion
From the early morn till late.

Baggage smasher, stay your muscle,
Think no single hinge to crack;
With contempt look not upon it,
Though 'tis ripped up the back.

But in tenderest mood caress it,
Let your touch be soft and light,
For, draw near until I whisper—
In it there is dynamite.

—U. N. NONE.

A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

One may screw up his courage and have his attention riveted.

It is said—ironically, perhaps—that blacksmiths forge and steel every day.

Why is the figure 9 like a peacock?—Because it is nothing without its tail.

What a difference it makes whether you put "Dr." before or after a man's name!

A delicate parcel to be forwarded by rail—A young lady wrapped up in herself.

First tramp: "Have you taken a bath?" Second tramp, contemptuously: "Not! Is there one missing?"

"How doth the busy little bee?" Well, if you meddle with him much you will be apt to find out how he doth.

"Give the boys a chance," says a trade journal. Nonsense! the boys take too many chances now. That's the trouble.

Here is a "personal" advertisement in a French newspaper: "Eliza, you can return to the house. The boil on my nose has gone."

Mamma: "Well, did you tell God how naughty you have been?" Lily: "No, I was ashamed. I thought it and better not get out of the family."

The latest case of absence of mind is that of a young lady who, on returning from a walk with her lover, rapped him on the face and bade good night to the door.

"Pitch your voice in a low key," says a writer on etiquette. We presume etiquette can be temporarily dispensed with when trying to wake the boys in the morning.

Mother: "And the serpent, as a punishment for tempting Eve, was made to crawl all the rest of his life." Harry. "Well, mamma, how did he get along before?"

Mrs. Homespun, who has a terrible time every morning getting her young brood out of their beds, says she cannot understand why children are called the rising generation.

A wasted toothache Boarder: "Does nobody want to be waked up early to-morrow?" Landlady: "No." Boarder: "That's a pity! I have such a toothache that I can't sleep."

Miss McFlarry opened a letter the other day, and read at the beginning "Burn at once." She did so, and is now raking among the cinders for some trace of the contents, or even the writer's signature.

Schoolteacher: "Robby, how many inches make a foot?" Robby: "Fourteen." Schoolteacher: "What kind of measure do you call that?" Robby: "Well, that's the size of pa's foot, 'cause I measured it last night."

A clothier has excited public curiosity by having a large apple painted on his sign. When asked for an explanation he replied, "If it hadn't been for an apple where would the ready-made clothing shops be to day?"

Stranger, at hotel bar: "Best whisky, please." Bartender, severely: "This is a Prohibition town, sir!" Stranger: "Ah! excuse me," (moving away.) Bartender, excitedly: "Great Scott, stranger! haven't you got sense enough to get sick?"

A youth, while traveling in California, was ambitiously displaying a small pistol before a brawny miner, whose belt was weighted with two heavy six-shooters when the miner asked what he had there. "Why," replied the youth, "that is a pistol." "Wal," said the miner, "if you should shoot me with that, and I should find it out, I'd lick you like fun."

A New Orleans lawyer was a determined duelist. Having quarreled with a brother lawyer, they agreed to fight out the dispute in the very room where it had taken place, when the duellist's adversary managed to run him through the body and nail him against the door. "It is all very well sir," said the transfixed duellist, with singular coolness, "but pray how are you to get out?"

At our barber's yesterday morning there was an old chap with a head as smooth as a billiard ball. "I say now, barber," snarled he, "part my hair evenly." "There isn't much left to part," said the man of lather. "You have always said that and yet you have finished by parting it somehow, and I dare say you can now." "Where to try, sir; but I tell you what I'll do—I'll make a line with a piece of red chalk."

"Yes, sir," said Jones to Smith, "as men grow in age and experience they advance in knowledge." "I don't think so," replied Smith. "Don't think so! That's rather singular. The opinion I hold on the subject is the universal opinion." "It may be, but I have my own opinion nevertheless, and it is that the younger we are the more we know. When I was a youth I knew twice as much as my father. Now I am aged, and I don't know half as much as my son."

AMATEUR STORIES.—A Western paper recently offered a prize for the best story to be written by a pupil of a public school. Here are a few passages from the contributions:

"Cora Brown was fortunately the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich friends."

"But all this time a cloud was gathering over Mrs. Delaney, which grew large as years went by and that cloud was full of grasshoppers."

"My father desired me to marry a bank President, a handsome, reckless man, fond of naught save the gaming table."

"'Vat I dell you, vat I dell you?' shouted the Irishman."

"As she entered the room a cold, damp smell met her sight."

"The Jews celebrate Christmas in the summer."

"She forgot the Lord and all His blessings, and after that she went and got married."

A PROMINENT writer says that if the entire living population of the globe—1,400,000,000—were divided into families of five persons each, all those families could be located in Texas, each family having a house lot of half an acre, and then have more than 70,000,000 of family lots untaken.

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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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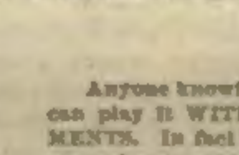

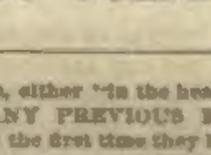

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Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Green is one of the leading colors of the day, and a green cloth has been made up with a plain skirt, and over it a coat with a wide black moire sash at the waist, a bow, and an end of the same at the side. The coat was made with two wide lapels at the neck, reaching almost to the shoulder, and forming a turndown collar at the back.

There are large square flap pockets, and turned back cuffs with black buttons, which appeared also on either side of the coat bodice. The coat had a long skirt gathered at the back, falling straight at the side, and lined with a lighter green silk.

The same pattern has also been made up in gray cloth. Very smart, too, is a black cashmere skirt, with a large wide soft silk sash tied at the side, and a heliotrope shirt of Oriental silk made with shirt cuffs. The sleeve of the black cashmere coat to wear over this only came to the elbow, so that the silk under the sleeve formed a puff below.

The basque was cut in battlements, and there were the wide lapels and roll collar, the side of the bodice ending at the waist with three steel buttons on each side.

A directoire yachting dress was made with a straight front entirely composed of perpendicular rows of wide worsted cream braid, speckled with gold, the ends fringed at the foot, and falling over a gathered ruche of pinked out cloth and cream silk. Over this fell the long straight coat ends, lined inside with a row of the braid; there were the same square pockets and the lapels turned back with braid over a soft white silk shirt.

Old brocades are being used for the waistcoats to some of the coats. A most admirable example was a dull heliotrope cashmere, the skirt simply but gracefully draped, the jacket coming low down on the hips, with flap pockets, opening to show a cream grounded rich brocade with large flowers in natural coloring.

The waistcoats are long, and are cut after the form of a man's waistcoat, straight with no dart seams; the selvedges meet in the centre of the front, and are allowed to show a frill of wide soft lace being sewn to them so that they form a jabot.

The brocade is laid as an under cuff to the sleeve, which has a turned back one of its own. Antique buttons are set at the side, and the jacket is cut after the order of the coats I have been describing, but without the long skirt.

Quite a different style of the Directoire is a short orange and black peau de soie polonaise, with a wide sash in front, shaped to the figure, and somewhat recalling a Swiss bodice, so high does it reach.

These wide sashes are known as the Recamier. There is a full vest of the same silk above, trimmed with rows of black trimming, like pointed lace, in black, and stripes of the same appear on the side of the dress. There is a full skirt on the polonaise, and the back of the bodice is cut in four seams, so that the centre one is continued into a wide pleat to the skirt.

The sleeve is cut up on the outside of the arm from the wrist in a V-shape, the material fulled in to the slashing to fill the vacuum, and it gives great freedom to the elbow.

This cut of bodice is admirable for round shoulders. The fulness at the back of the polonaise forms in two winglike puffs. A similar style of wide sash was made to a reseda nun's cloth in an original fashion.

The chine sash in front came to the armpits, and was shaped to the waist; there was a tucked yoke cut in a rounded form, headed by pleating of the nun's veiling, the neck filled in with chine silk.

The skirt of the veiling was tucked perpendicularly at the side, a V-shape piece of silk was introduced into the back of the bodice, and the cuffs were of silk. Shot veilings are much used for dresses.

Quite a new idea is a nun's veiling, one half the width light, one dark, and this is well adapted to stout figures, the apparent size can be diminished by putting the dark to the back, the light to the front. All this class of dress is made up with wide-colored moire ribbons.

The season's woolens admit of many kinds of ornamentation. A fawn cashmere had an Etruscan design in an applique, in applique composed of Suede kid, with gold cord, and this carried round the hem and up the front.

Some of the new veilings have fancy borders, such as a black and white check, on a grey veiling: this had been made up for a stout figure with great deftness.

It was a Directoire dress, but the bordering formed a couple of points, uniting on the bust, and the check peeped in again at the side of the skirt.

Some of the leading green tones now in fashion are pomme, which is the tone of the apple leaves when the blossom is in flower, reseda, forest green, and mousse d'eau, like the scum on a still pool.

Evening gowns in the Directoire style should now be described. A pretty example was a mastic toned peau de soie, with panels of Pompadour brocaded roses on a similar ground, the front of the bodice made of brocade, the back of mastic silk, a sash of the wide kind carried across from beneath the arms.

The bodice at the neck is cut in a V back and front, with a wide pleated frilling of lisse falling from the neck. The elbow sleeves, formed in two puffs are made of lisse outside the arm, and of brocade inside.

Another dress in a similar style was made on a light green foundation, veiled in crepe de Chine of pure white and intermixed with silk of the mousse d'eau tint—just the tint of the waterlily.

A ball gown was made in the mousse d'eau of a make of tulle, which is thicker and closer than the ordinary kind, so that one thickness alone suffices, intermixed with pink ponit de soie, and caught up with large clusters of pink tulips, the front of the dress, to a depth of 14 inches covered with the shaded tulips, the stems being made of gutta percha, and particularly flexible.

For young girl's home dinner gowns there is the Greek dress, made in grey soft woolen, over a princess corded silk of pure white; the silk has tight sleeves to the wrist, but the gray forms a drapery at the top, and the drapery starts from the point of the shoulder, crossed back and front, has a cord at the side like a girdle, meant to show the silk at the back, and is in fact a study of drapery.

A really comfortable tea gown of no weight at all, and just suited for lounging, was made of black Spanish lace, over shot silk; the glace ribbon was arranged in striped panels at the side, and the wide lace flouncing was used perpendicularly, so that it fell in graceful folds; there was a fulness of lace from the shoulder, and the lace formed a boxpleat at the back and completely covered the skirt.

One or two original mantles had much to commend them. A thick pinky red cloth was trimmed with shaded ruches of ribbon, which kept the hood in form, and stood up well round the neck, bordering the front to the waist.

It was a long well-covering shape; so was a dark blue cloth with hanging sleeves, having two ruches of ribbon bordering what appeared to be one cloth over another one.

Ostrich feathers are again appearing after a long absence, and they are just now being mounted into plumes of great beauty and in all shades for hat trimmings. The new ostrich feather boa attached to the back hats, and depending generally from a plume of rich tips, is a distinct novelty this season.

Ornaments and pins continue to take endless forms—arrows in steel, gilt, silver jet, etc., still being a favorite design.

A very new bandeau ornament, in one two and three bands, for bonnet fronts, makes a becoming trimming with puffs of velvet between.

Embroidered cloths in exquisite shades of dove-color, gray and white, mixed with velvet of richer tones are especially adapted for millinery trimming where a costume bonnet is required; in short, all headgear garnitures just now are so varied, beautiful, and suitable to the season, as to render it easy to choose something at once pleasing and becoming to the wearer.

Odds and Ends.

NOVELTIES FOR THE SEASON.

The bazaar, fair, and in a way the preholiday season is in full swing. In the country, and in towns, wherever money is wanted, the bazaar comes to the aid of those who work for, and think of, others.

Stallholders and bazaar organizers strive sorely for novelties, and their success depends to a great extent on them, but they are hard to produce, for everything seems to have been thought of.

Almost every country under the sun, with its national features, has been brought to bear on the subject, except perhaps an Indian encampment, or a Hottentot settlement in the polar regions, which are scarcely feasible.

Among the novelties for fairs or presents to friends are balls of string, put into little crochet cases or covers, tied round the top with inch wide ribbon, finished off with loops and ends, one loop being longer than the others for suspending the whole to a hook in the wall or the handle of a drawer. There are three or there may be four, each one being a different length, and one having a small pair of scissors attached. The others are finished off with colored silk pompons.

This can be made a very pretty and appreciative gift. The little covers are easy to make, and are done in crochet cotton.

Hanging cases for holding the photos of friends, invitation cards, and loose papers are very attractive, and can be made quickly, easy, and with small expense.

A piece of rather stout cardboard, or the top of a cardboard box is cut about ten inches wide and fourteen long (or a smaller or larger, according to fancy) and covered with sateen. The sateen is cut about an inch larger than the card, and laced across from side to side at the back, with the corners neatly turned over. Then take three lengths of satin or ribbed ribbon of 2½ inches wide, cut an inch longer than the width (not the length) of the card, and stretch them across, one at the base, one at a distance of three inches from the top, and the third at the centre. These must be stitched firm by a stout packing or carpet needle that will pass through the card but as neatly as possible, and at the same time as tightly.

A fancy feather stitching in colored silk is done near the lower edge, and this forms a pocket for the photos to drop into in each ribbon. Then get a piece of plush, and cut it to form two corners, one to the right side of the lower end, and the other to the left of the upper.

They may be worked or they may be of brocaded material, though plush looks the best. A quarter of a yard is more than enough for the two corners, with careful cutting it might make four.

Sew on ribbon at the top, to form a loop to hang the card up by, with a few loops at the corner, which has no plush, one falling down the side. Two yards of the ribbon is sufficient. When the photos are in, the whole of the sateen is hidden, and almost the ribbon horizontal band. At last, a piece of satin is sown on the edges to make the back look neat.

In crimson and olive green these cases look very pretty, and they are very ornamental, also, useful for taking about in travelling and hanging up. They can be varied in size, according to individual fancy, and a pongee scarf substituted for the ribbon bows at the top. At bazaars or fairs they sell wonderfully well.

Quilts are so popular now that a good deal of attention is paid to them. The beautiful Crete and Madras flowers and muslin bed covers may be seen on many beds, but as a rule worked ones predominate.

Some Roman sheeting have one corner only ornamented; and a favorite design is a thick boldly worked trellis, with some straying leaves and large clematis. There are just three or four crossed staves, worked in shades of browns and greens in the corner, forming the trellis, but the tendrils and flowers extend to some distance.

A bedspread recently exhibited, and worked by an old woman, was of brown sateen, with a design of light blue cotton in the centre and round the edge. A frill of light blue pongee silk, about a quarter of a yard deep, was gathered on all round, and over that a fall of rather coarse lace.

The effect was excellent. I have also seen a gold-colored sateen quilt, worked in pink and brown knitting silk, with a deep frill of pink pongee silk.

Perforated cloth with effective designs is being worked now, principally by old ladies for bellows, backs of books, etc., and arranged to nail on afterwards, the nails being supplied with the work and articles.

The last idea for a splasher is to have a very large palm-leaf fan covered with the chintz of the room, and fixed slant wise on the wall by a large bow.

THE following is from a Grass Lake (Mich.) daily: "Last Monday morning while a small knot of men were talking together at the Central depot in Jackson the peep of a chicken was distinctly heard. Thereupon one of the number opened his vest, and in an inner pocket was revealed a chicken just hatched and still partly in its shell. He reported that he had carried an egg for 21 days on a $10 wager that it would hatch from the natural warmth of his body."

A SINGULAR custom obtains to this day in some of the towns on the Lower Rhine, namely, that of "selling" maidens at public auction. For nearly four centuries on Easter Monday, the town crier or clerk of St. Goar called all the young people together, and to the highest bidder sold the privilege of dancing with the chosen girl during the entire year.

Confidential Correspondents.

F. C. L.—The mileage of a railway is its length from end to end; but the mileage run is that traversed both ways.

DESPOT.—Maine passed the first prohibitory liquor law in 1846. It was repealed in 1855, was re-enacted in 1856, and is now in force.

L. H. W.—All account book and foolscap paper is ruled by machinery. The machine is over a hundred years old, having been invented in the year 1783, though it has been many times improved upon since that time.

B. NAGRON.—If you are getting too fat, you ought to knock off sugar, pastry, beer, all kinds of fat meat, especially pork, not take much animal food, and take plenty of outdoor exercise, as well as avoiding too long hours for sleep.

DARK.—Plants exhaust the soil exactly as you imagine. During their growth they absorb potash, lime, phosphoric acid, etc. The white ash seen on smoking a cigar are the earthy elements taken from the soil during the growth of the tobacco.

DINBUR.—Hallowe'en is a Scotticism for All Hallows Eve, on the 31st of October, the day before All Saints Day, which is also called All-Hallows, All-Hallowmass, or simply Hallowmass. Hallowes is a Saxon word for saints, and is so used by Chaucer.

J. A. E.—We do not know the author of the expression, "I love God and little children," but it is so natural that anyone might have written or uttered it. We have an idea, however, that it was specially used, under some peculiar circumstances by Victor Hugo, the great French novelist, now some years dead.

ARGUMENT.—Some people grow after they are twenty-one years of age, and even when older. If, however, one has stopped growing at that age or earlier there is nothing that will make him grow. This is a law of nature and cannot be broken. A person may possibly grow stouter, expand his chest, arms, or legs, by exercise, work, or other artificial means, but he cannot add anything to his height.

GRANENSIS.—Make a definite engagement; it is always a dozen times better for both sides than the sickness of uncertainty, hope deferred, and weary longing of expectation. Be manly and straightforward as you are, and march straight up to the danger or denouement. And remember what we say, the result will delight you, and you will write to thank us.

F. C. G.—There were four Catos. He who is best known is Cato the Censor, made Consul of Rome 195 years before Christ. He was a severe judge of manners, a friend of the people as well of the Equites or aristocracy of Rome. Fearing the rivalry of Carthage, he never concluded a speech without the words, Delenda est Carthago! "Carthage must be destroyed."

GALE.—Chalk is formed originally at the bottom of the sea, principally by the deposit of a microscopical shell of a certain fish. Flints are produced from one of the variety of sponges. The sponge during life has absorbed silica (flint) from the surrounding water as part of its own organism. After death the flint remains; then a fresh deposit of chalk has covered it. The chalk and flint beds above the sea have been upheaved by volcanic action.

W. H. H.—Crœsus was King of Lydia about 557 years before Christ. His riches were of an enormous amount, and have been fabulously expanded. His court was, unlike courts now, the asylum of learning, for he gave a home to Solon, one of the wisest of men, and to Æsop, the fabulist. Cyrus conquered him, and the two became great friends, the young conqueror being guided by the experience of the conquered king. The manner of his death is unknown. All this you should find out by the aid of a classical dictionary. No learning is so good as what you dig up yourself.

J. T. C.—There are many questions which cannot be answered dogmatically. Yours is one. "Greeks or Romans, which did most for civilization?" What is civilization? Is it the fine arts, politeness, culture? If so, the Greeks. Is it chastity of marriage, laws, sanctity of the citizen, the art of war? Then the Romans. Is it jurisprudence and eloquence at the bar? The Romans. Is it poetry, sculpture, eloquence of the rostrum, literature, and philosophy? Then the Greeks. On the whole, the Greeks did most; for, as the Romans said, Greece civilized her barbarian conquerors.

ANTIQUE.—Engravings may be cleansed by fixing them to a smooth board and covering the surface with common salt, finely pounded; on to the salt squeeze lemon juice until a considerable quantity is dissolved. Elevate the board to an angle of between 40 and 50 degrees with the horizon, and pour on it boiling water, until all the salt and lemon juice have been removed, when it will be found that the picture will be perfectly cleansed. It should be dried on the board, but not through the medium of a fire or the sun's rays; if either of these means are employed it will be tinged with yellow.

SHARMAN.—Articles of jewelry and coin are best gilded or silvered by the electro-metallurgical process. For silvering, chloride of silver is dissolved in cyanide of potassium; for gilding, peroxide of gold is dissolved in the same. Either of these solutions is termed the gold or silver bath. An article to be plated is attached or put into a wire basket, in connection with the pole of a small electric battery. The secondary pole must have either a plate of gold or silver attached to it, and must also be placed in the bath. The deposit of metal takes place according to the rapidity of action in the battery. The slower it acts the more perfect will be the gilding, etc.

REX.—You ask what constitutes a gentleman? Why, all that is gentle, to be sure. Deference to age and to woman, politeness to all men, respect to superiors, civility to equals, gentleness to inferiors, honest in all dealings, boldness if oppressed, bravery in adversity, meekness in prosperity, courtesy to the rich, pity for the sick, and sympathy with the poor; fun with children, merriment with the young, joviality with the old; grace of bearing, an open look, no hang-dog suspicions, hope in mercy, faith in God, charity to man, constant self-watchfulness, prayerfulness without spiritual pride, a humble heart, and a loving, trusting soul. Add to these characteristics learning, accomplishments, and wisdom,—and you have a gentleman. But, above all things, he must be sober, temperate, and chaste, and hate a lie as he hates the Devil.